

Handy. 2

WIT T I C I S M S

A N D

S T R O K E S

O F

H U M O U R,

COLLECTED

By ROBERT BAKER.



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. BATHOE, in the Strand,

Price ONE SHILLING.

c-1780

WITNESS

STOKES



U R

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BY ROBERT BAKER

LONDON

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THE ONE CHANGING

P R E F A C E.

SINCE the first Publication of *Jo Miller's Jest's*, we have had near half a Score different Books of the same Kind. The greatest part of those, into which I have looked, have appeared to me of little Value; and some of them to the last Degree contemptible, and even without one tolerable Stroke. Nor do *Jo Miller's Jest's*, though preferable perhaps to any Collection that has succeeded them, shew much Taste or Skill in the Compiler. Besides there being a great Number of puerile Stories among them, many of those, which are really good, are but aukwaraly related.

As to the present Collection, though I flatter myself that Persons of Taste will find no small Difference between it and all those which have been published of late Years, I am too well acquainted with the Judgment of the Gross of Mankind to expect that it will ever pass through the numerous Editions, which some of these have done. A coarse,

strain'd and flat Jest shall please nineteen in twenty, who shall at the same Time be insensible to the Beauty of one that is easy, keen and delicate. I have taken about twenty of my Jests from a certain French Book, which I perceive has been looked into by several of our modern Collectors: and yet among these Collectors there is but one, who has taken from it that witty Answer of a Lady of the French Court to Harry the 4th, which I have related in the fourth Page of my Book: and even he has spoil'd it in the relating. The Story immediately preceding it (that of the French Nobleman, who had had his Pockets pick'd) contains a most remarkably fine Piece of extempore Wit: Yet not one of these People has thought proper to extract it. They have neglected too to take from this Book the Story of the Innkeeper, and that of Piovano Arlotto, with several others that are very good. It has been said that he, who has seen one Family, has seen the whole World. In like Manner, an Idea of the

Taste

Taste of Wit of the World in general might perhaps be form'd from that of these Compilers: and I have no Expectation that the Inscription at Morat, the Inscription upon Kouli Kan's Tomb, and many more of the finest Pieces of Wit in this Collection will afford any Pleasure to, or even be understood by the common Run of Readers.

Of about two Hundred and Fifty Strokes contained in my Book, there are a Hundred and Twenty-Eight, that are not to be found (or, at least, that I have not seen) in any of our modern Jest-Books. Of these Hundred-and-twenty eight I am indebted, for the best Part of a score, to the French Book above-mentioned. The rest are what I either have heard in Company, or have met with in the general Course of my Reading. As to the remaining Hundred-and-twenty (or thereabouts) which I have in common with our modern Compilers, and the greatest Part of which are old and well known, there are among them some few fine Pieces of Wit or Humour.

Yet

Yet, to take these Hundred-and-twenty in the Gross, I look upon them as the worst Part of my Collection. However, I think I have not admitted any Thing so very indifferent, but that, being brought in a-propos, it may find a Place in a Conversation of ingenious People. It is not necessary that every Story told in Company should be capitally good. A Story of a moderate Degree of Merit may please even Persons of the best Understanding, when introduced (as I have said) a-propos, and where, if I may use the Expression, it inlays itself in the Conversation.

With regard to the narrative Part, I have endeavour'd to be concise, without omitting any Circumstance, that might contribute to give the Jest it's full Force. As the saying too much weakens a Story, the saying too little renders it obscure. Where I have found a Story well told to my Hand, I have related it in the very Words and have never varied from another for the meer sake of varying.

I have followed the Example of others in piecing out my Jests with little Poems, and hope I have admitted none that have not some Degree of Merit.

The Letter from the young Fellow on his Travels is, I think, extremely laughable, and will be new to many. The Country-Post is better known, but not universally.

For what remains, there is no Doubt but Numbers of exquisite Pieces of Wit are lost to the World for want of being recorded: and it were much to be wished that some Person of a refined Taste, and who has, either from his Rank or from Indulgence, the Advantage of the Conversation of People in elegant Life, would undertake a Book of this Sort. We have one Man in the Kingdom most capable of it. It is indeed a Misfortune that he could not, without incurring Censure, relate his own Witticisms. But, if, waving this Consideration he would condescend to impose the Task upon himself, we may safely conclude that his Production would be a high Entertainment to all those of a delicate Conception for Ages to come.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 4 Line 1. For *Streers* r. *Streets*.

P. 13, L. 11. For *to Anno Domini* r. *to the Anno Domini*.

P. 24 L. 19. For *Cæſer* r. *Cæſar*.

P. 25 L. 4. For *Meſſala's* r. *Meſſala's*.

P. 36 L. 20. For *pretending* r. *pretended*.

Some of the Sheets were likewise work'd off with
the following E R R A T A.

Page 15 Line 4. *Englishmen*, for *Englishman*.

P. 25 L. 22. *in End*, for *in the End*.

P. 34. laſt L. *Emperor of Spain* for *Emperor and King
of Spain*.



A

COLLECTION

O F

SMART REPORTEES, &c.

WH E late *Freke* the Surgeon being ill of a Fever, several of his Profession made Interest with the Governors of St. *Bartholomew's*, to succeed him in that Hospital. *Freke* recovering, and meeting, some Time after, with one of these Surgeons at a Coffee-House, the latter began to apologize for his having solicited; urging that it was no more than what was customary, where an Hospital Physician or Surgeon was supposed to be in Danger. *Sir*, said *Freke*, if you will forgive me living, I will forgive you soliciting.

A Gentleman told the Husband of a handsome Woman, that he could never look at his Wife without breaking the tenth Commandment. *I'll give you*

B

Leave

Leave, said the Husband, to break the tenth Commandment, provided you do not break the Seventh.

Diogenes seeing the Son of a common Woman throwing Stones among a Crowd of People, take Care, said he, that you don't hit your Father.

A Woman, quarrelling with her Husband, told him, she believed, if she were to die, he would marry the Devil's eldest Daughter. *How can that be ?* said the Husband. *You know the Law does not allow a Man to marry two Sisters.*

The late Counsellor *Boyle*, who was of very low Extraction, having made some advance in Life, and intending to set up his Chariot, consulted the late Mr *Anstis* upon a Coat of Arms: But *Anstis* told him he was not entitled to any. Some Time after, however, *Boyle*, meeting him, says, well, notwithstanding what you told me, I have got a Coat of Arms upon my Chariot:—*And*, pray, what are your Arms?—*Three Combs.*—Upon my Life, said *Anstis*, very proper Arms for such a lousy Family.

King Charles the Second having made eight of his illegitimate Sons Noblemen, one of his free-spoken Companions told him, *He would soon have a House of Lords of his own getting.*

A young Lady in the City, who had lately seen the Anatomical Wax-Work in *Fleetstreet*, being in Company with her Brother and a Gentleman of their Acquaintance, the Brother, who was a great Boy, thought fit to speak of himself as of a Man. *A Man, indeed!* said the Sister. *Such Men!* — *You must know, Sir,* replied the Brother, *that ever since my Sister saw the anatomical Waxwork, she has set up for a Judge of Manhood.*

A whimsical Fellow appearing in Mourning when no Death in his Family had been heard of; one of his Acquaintance asked him for whom he mourned. *For a small Relation,* said he. — *Pray what small Relation?* *Why, you must know my Sister was with Child, and she has miscarried.*

A Gentleman, not remarkable for Oeconomy, was rallying the late *Peter Walters* on his Avarice. *For my Part,* says he, *I know no Difference between a Shilling and a Sixpence; for, when one is changed, 'tis gone; and so is the other.* — *My old Friend,* replied *Peter*, *you may not know the Difference between a Shilling and a Sixpence now: But, believe me, you will, if ever you come to be worth Eighteen-Pence.*

A French Nobleman, who had taken a Mistress from the Dregs of the People, conversing with some of his Equals, mentioned his having had his
 B 2 Pockets

Pockets pick'd some Time before in the Streers of Paris. *As to my Money*, added he, *I dont regard it, But I lost some Letters from my Mistress; which gives me a great deal of Concern.* Indeed, said another, *you have Reason to be uneasy at that, because it is to be feared the Pick-pockets may know the Hand.*

Harry the Fourth of France asked a Lady of his Court, which was the way to her Bedchamber, Sir, said she, *the only Way to my Bedchamber is through the Church,*

An Ambassador from the great Turk to the French King, being present at one of those rough Trials of Skill, called *Turnaments*, so much in use some Ages since, and being asked his Opinion of it, answered very sensibly, that it was too much for Jest, and too little for Earnest.

Prince Maurice of Nassau was asked by a Lady *who was the greatest General of the then Age?* He, being concious that himself was the greatest, and being unwilling either to speak in his own Praise, or to give to another an Honour that was his Due, would have declined the giving an Answer. But the Lady insisting, *Madam*, said he, *The Marquis of Spinola is the Second.*

Two Boys, belonging to the Chaplains of two different Men of War, entertaining each other with an

an Account of their manner of living, *how often*, said one of them, *do you go to Prayers?* — *We pray*, said the other, *whenever we apprehend a Storm, or when we are going to fight.* — *Well*, replies the first, *there is some Sense in that. But my Master makes us go to Prayers, when there is no more Occasion for it, than for leaping into the Sea.*

A Judge, taking a Dislike to an old Peasant with a long Beard, who appear'd in Court as an Evidence, told him he supposed he had a Conscience as large as his Beard. *If you measure Consciences by Beards*, said the old Man, *Your Lordship has no Beard at all.*

In the Time of the Civil Wars of France, a certain Hugonot Lord, of cruel Disposition, put several of his Prisoners to Death, by obliging them to jump down from the Top of a high Tower. A Soldier, whom he had condemned to die in this manner, having advanced twice to the Brink of the Tower, and drawn back as often, the Nobleman, in great Fury, swore that, if he did not go down the third Time of his advancing, he should be put to a still much crueller Death. *Why Sir*, said the Soldier, *As easy a Matter as you may think it, I'll hold you a Wager that you don't do it even in four Times.* This pleasant Reply saved his Life.

A

A young *Grecian* at *Rome*, bearing a great Resemblance to *Augustus Cæsar*, the Emperor was desirous of seeing him. Among other Questions, he asked him if his Mother was ever at *Rome*. No, Sir, said he, *but my Father was.*

It is said, that the late Queen, mentioning to the Earl of C——d a Design of shutting up St. James's Park, and of converting it into a Garden, asked him what it might probably cost; and that the answer was, *only THREE CROWNS.*

King Charles II. being at Bowls, and having laid a Bowl very near the Jack, *My Soul to a Horse-T——*, says he, *Nobody beats that.* — If you'll lay Odds, says *Rockester*, I'll lay you.

A Gentleman newly married going to rise pretty early in the Morning, *What, my Dear*, said his Wife, *are you going to rise so soon? Lie a little longer and rest yourself.* — No, my Dear, said the Husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

A Traveller, relating some of his Adventures, told the Company, that he and his Servant had made fifty wild *Arabians* run; which startling them, he observed that there was no great Matter in it; *for*, says he, *we ran, and they ran after us.*

A young Fellow confessed himself to a Priest, and told him, that since his last Confession, he had committed Fornication six Times. For this the Priest enjoin'd him to repeat a Rosary; which is a certain Number of Prayers. Shortly after, comes another, who had been nine Times guilty; for which he was ordered a Rosary and an half. In a few Days comes a Third, who confessed to eleven Times. *Eleven?* said the Priest. *Eleven? That's a puzzling sort of Number; a Number I am not used to. Therefore, my Friend, e'en go and do it once more, and then say two Rosaries.*

A poor Boy was asked what three Things he would have, could he have them for wishing? *Why, in the first Place, said he, I would have as much good strong Ale as I could drink.*—Very well, What next? —*Then I would have as much fat Beef as I could eat.*—And what's your third Wish? But now he was puzzled; for with him all Happiness lay in fat Beef and strong Ale. At last, after much Consideration, *Hang it, says he, I'll have a little more Ale still.*

A Puritan Minister of the last Century, who wore his Hair extremely short, as was then the Custom among the dissenting Parsons, rebuking a Clergyman for the Length of his Hair, *old Prig, said the Clergyman,*

Clergyman, *I promise you to cut my Hair up to my Ears, if you will cut your Ears up to your Hair.*

Daniel Burges, Dining or Supping with a Gentlewoman of his Congregation, and a large un-cut *Cheshire* Cheese being brought upon the Table, he asked her where he should cut it. She replied *where you please, Mr Burges*. Upon which, he gave it to a Servant in waiting, bade him carry it to his House, and he would cut it at Home.

Diogenes begging an enormous Sum of Money of a very extravagant young Fellow, and being asked why he begged so much more of him than of others, *I may have an Opportunity*, said he, *of begging of others again.*

His M—— being at the Play-House soon after the imposing an additional Duty on Strong Beer, a Fellow in the Upper Gallery call'd out to one of his acquaintance, and asked him if he would drink: for he had got a Full-Pot. *What did you give for your Full-Pot?* said the other.——*Threepence-half-penny.*——*Threepence-Halfpenny!* why, where did you send for it? *To G—— the 3d.*——*You Fool*, said the other again, *why did not you send to G—— the 2d?* you would have had it there for *Threepence.*

A Footman was asked if his Master was a regular Man in his living. *Very regular*; said he: *for he gets Drank every Day exactly at the same Hour.*

A Scholar, observing a Board in his Chamber to be loose, sent for a Carpenter to fasten it. The Job done, he asked the Man what he must have. Sir, said the Carpenter, *I have used two Tenpenny Nails : and as to my trouble, you may give me for it just what you please.*—There then, said the Scholar, giving him a couple of Shillings ; *there's Twenty-pence for your two Nails, and a Groat for your Trouble.*

I can't conceive, said one English Nobleman to another, *how it is that you manage. I am convinced you are not of a Temper to spend more than your Income : and yet, though your Estate is less than mine, I could not afford to live at the Rate that you do.*—My Lord, said the other, *I have a Place.*—*A Place ! you amaze me. I never hear'd of it till now. Pray what Place ?*—*I am my own Steward.*

When a late Prince was made Ranger of a well-known Park, henceforward, said a bold, impudent Girl, *it will be Rutting-Time in that Park all the Year round.*

A Country-Fellow, going along London Streets, slipp'd down upon his Seat. You see, said a Tradesman standing at his Door, *that our London-Stones are too proud to bear such a Bumpkin as you.*—*Are they ?* said the Fellow. *As proud as they are, I have made them Kiss my A—.*

A certain Dutcheſs in a late Reign hearing that a Man in a high Office, which gave him an Opportunity of handling much Caſh, had married his kept Miſtreſs, *good God ! ſaid ſhe, that old Fellow is always robbing the Public.*

To Miller being rallied for having an Intrigue with a very homely Woman, tho' I am not young, ſaid he, I have, I thank Heaven, a good Conſtitution, and am not reduced to Beauty or Brandy, to what my Appetite.

A Country Gentleman of no great breeding, happened to have a little Greyhound Birch with him, one Day when he paid a Viſit to a Lady, to whom he made his Addreſſes. *Dear me ! cried the Lady, What a pretty Dog this is !—Madam, ſaid he, 'tis not a Dog : 'tis one of your own Sex.*

A Dog running open-mouthed at a Serjeant, the Serjeant ſtuck him with his Halberd. Being told that he might have ſtruck him with the blunt end of the Halberd only, without ſtabbing him, ſo I would, ſaid he, if he had run at me with his Tail.

Two little Girls of the City of Norwich diſputing for Precedency, one the Daughter of a wealthy Brewer, the other the Daughter of a Gentleman

tleman of small Fortune, you are to consider, *Miss*, said the Brewer's Daughter, *That my Papa keeps a Coach.*—*Very true, Miss*, said the other, *And you are to consider that he likewise keeps a Dray.*

I have seen, says one Man, *a Cabbage as big as a House.*—*And I*, says another, *have seen a Copper Pot as big as a Church.*—*That's impossible*, said the first: *For no such Pot could be made.*—*Not at all impossible*, replied the other: *and it was made on Purpose to boil your Cabbage in.*

Philip the 2d of Spain, making his Entrance into *Saragossa*, and being attended by the then Duke of *Savoy*, complimented this Prince with the Upper-hand. The Duke's Horse proving restive, *Your Highness's Horse*, said the King, *seems to be somewhat unruly.*—*Sir*, replied the Duke, *My Horse has Sense enough to know that he is not in his proper Place.*

You are mad, said a very silly Fellow to one of his Acquaintance; *for you are often talking to yourself.*—*If Talking to one's self be a Proof of Madness*, said the other, *there is no one more mad than you; since nobody gives Attention to any thing that you say.*

William Pen, the Quaker, once waiting upon King *Charles 2d*, kept on his Hat. The King, as

a gentle Rebuke for his Ill-Manners, put off his own. *Friend Charles*, said *Pen*, *Why dost not thou keep on thy Hat?*—*Friend Pen*, replied the King, *It is the Custom of this Place, for no more than one Person ever to be covered at a Time.*

Three Boys, named *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Harry*, lived together in the same House in London. The last-named being to pass some Time in the Country, *When Harry goes off*, said *Tom*, *we shall get rid of a Fool.*—*Indeed we shall*, said *Dick*: *A very great Fool.* To which *Harry* replied, *I shall be a greater Gainer than you; for you will get rid but of one Fool, while I shall get rid of two.*

A young Fellow calling his Dog *Cuckold*, *Are not you ashamed*, said an old Woman, *to call a Dog by a Christian's Name?*

An Irishman was asked if he could play upon the Fiddle. *Yes*, says he, *I believe I can. But I have never tried.*

A Cambridge Scholar, conducting the Daughter of a Bookbinder of that Town thro' a Crowd, took hold of the Sleeve of her Gown. *Don't pull too hard*, said one of his Acquaintance that met him, *for Fear you should pull her out of the Binding.*—*I don't Care if I do*, replied the other: *For I should like her better in Sheets.* An

An Oxford Vintner was complaining to his Man that there were no Bottles left, tho' he had laid in a large Stock very lately. *No Wonder*, said the Fellow: For all those that were Measure you broke; and all that were not Measure, the Scholars have broke.

Soon after the Accession of George the First, an ignorant Justice of the Peace, living in Clerkenwell, who had always supposed that *Anno Domini* was Latin for *Queen Ann*, hearing his Clerk read a *Mittimus*, when he came to *Anno Domini*, cried out with some Warmth, *And pray, Sir, why not GEORGIO DOMINI?* Sure you forget yourself strangely.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, going to pass Sentence of Death upon a Criminal, was greatly importuned by him to save his Life. Among other Reasons alledged, he told him he was his Relation. *How do you prove that?* said the Judge.—*My Lord*, said the Fellow, *Your Name is Bacon, and my Name is Hog; and in all Ages, Hog and Bacon have been reckoned A-kin.*—But, replied the Judge, *Hog is never Bacon till it has been well hang'd, Therefore you must be hang'd before you can be any Relation of mine.*

A Fellow, who had pick'd up a few Scraps of
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the French Tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a Gentleman with *Quelle heure-est il, Monsieur ?* (In French, *What is it o'Clock, Sir ?*) to which the Gentleman answer'd *Nescio.* (in Latin, *I don't know.*) *Damn it,* said the Fellow, *I did not think it was near so late ;* and ran off, as though he had had something of Consequence to do.

It was pleasantly enough said of a Man, who affected to make use of uncommon and hard words, that he had swallowed a Dictionary.

A Man living very recluse, Somebody wrote over his Door, *Here lies suck-a-one ;* as though his House had been his Tomb.

In Southwark there is a small Madhouse dependent on Guy's Hospital. In the first Years of that Hospital, a Madman, having made his escape from one of the Windows, crawled along over several Houses. But coming at length to some bad Tiling, it gave way, and part of his Body went through. *Good God !* said a Woman that was sitting in the Room, *who's there ?—hold your Tongue, you Bitch,* said the Madman, *I am only come to make you a Sky-Light.*

A Frenchman, being in English Company, was extolling the happy Genuis of his Country-Men, with Regard to Invention ; and particularly in the
Ornaments

ments of Drefs. Among other Things, he inſtanced the Ruffle ; which, according to him, took it's riſe in France. *But*, ſaid one of the Company, *twas the Engliſhman, that invented the Shirt.*

An old Lady in France calling one Day upon a Gentleman much given to Women, the Gentleman's Daughter, who met her at the Door, ſeem'd to heſitate at admitting her. *My dear*, ſaid the old Lady, *dont be afraid. People of my Age are of no Sex.*

An elderly French Lady having left a ſmall Eſtate to a young Fellow for certain private Services, her Niece told him with a Sneer, that he had bought that Eſtate of her Aunt's very cheap. *Madam*, ſaid he, *if you think ſo, you ſhall have it at the ſame Price.*

A Lady confeſſing her Sins, the Confefſor, to whom ſhe was a Stranger, had the impertinent Curioſity to enquire her Name. *Reverend Father*, ſaid ſhe, *there is no Sin in my Name.*

When Complaint was made againſt Sir Robert Howard, that, in treating of the Heathen Priests in a Diſcourſe he had publiſh'd, he had whipt ſome Chriſtian Priests on their Backs, all the Answer he made was, *what made them get up there ?*

An

An overbearing Counsellor, endeavouring to brow-beat a Witness, told him he could plainly see *Rogue* in his Face. *I never knew till now*, said the Witness, *that my Face was a Looking-Glass.*

Some Ladies speaking of the great Pains of Child-Birth, for my Part, said one of the Company, *I never experienced those great Pains. 'Tis not more Trouble to me to be deliver'd than to swallow a poach'd Egg.*—Surely, Madam, replied another, *you must have a very narrow Gullet.*

A Soldier in Time of War found a Horse-Shoe and stuck it at his Girdle. A little after, comes a Bullet, and hits just upon it. *Well*, says he, *I see a little Armour will do, if it be rightly placed.*

The Fireworks for the Peace of Ryfwick were made by a Colonel in the Army, and were much admired. This Gentleman one Day commending Purcel's Epitaph, *He is gone to that Place, where only his own Harmony can be exceeded;* why, said a Lady present, *that Epitaph will serve for you with a very small Alteration. There is nothing to do, but to change the word HARMONY for FIREWORKS.*

A Man having eaten some Cheshire Cheese full of Maggots, now, said he, *I have destroyed more at one time than ever Sampson did.*—Very true, said another; *and with the same Weapon.*

A Gentleman, riding Post, met a Scholar on a pitiful tired Jade, that with all his whipping and spurring would not stir out of the Road. *Don't you see, said the Gentleman, that I am riding Post?* — *And don't you see, said the Scholar, that I am riding upon a Post?*

A Prince, bantering one of his Courtiers, whom he had employed in several Embassies, told him he was like an Ox. *I know not what I am like,* answered the Courtier: *I only know I have several Times had the Honour to represent your Majesty.*

'Tis reported of Diogenes, that, going along the Street, a Man, with a Load upon his Shoulders, struck him with his Burthen, & then bade him take Care. *Why, said Diogenes, do you intend to strike me again?*

A Gentleman having related a Piece of Wit, of which he at the same Time declared he knew not the Author, *I believe, said one of the Company, It is my Lord C——d's. — My Lord C——d,* said another, *is Lord of the Manor of Parnassus; and all the stray Wit is his.*

The two Ladies celebrated by Dean Swift, under the Names of Stella and Vanessa, are supposed to have been both in Love with him, and conse-

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quently

quently to have had no cordial liking to each other. Somebody saying, where Stella was present, that surely Vanessa must be an extraordinary Woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her; *that is not so very clear*, said Stella: *for it is well known the Dean can write finely upon a Broomstick.* (Alluding to his Meditation upon a Broomstick, in Ridicule of the Stile of Mr. Boyle.)

My Lord Bacon being asked what he thought of Poets, *I think them*, said he, *the best Writers next to those who write in Prose.*

A Nobleman being greatly in Debt, one of his Friends told him he wondered how he could sleep quietly in his Bed. *For my Part*, replied he, *I sleep v.ry well. I only wonder how my Creditors can sleep.*

A Roman Catholic asked a Protestant, where his Religion was before the Time of Luther. *Did you wash your Face this Morning?* replied the Protestant. *Yes*, answered the other, *Then where was your Face*, said the Protestant, *before it was washed?*

Another Protestant being asked the same Question by a Catholic, replied, *In the Bible, where yours never was.*

Augustus Cæsar having bequeathed a Legacy to
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the Roman People, which his Successor Tiberius had not yet thought proper to discharge, one Day, as a dead Body was carrying through the Market-Place, a Man drew near and pretended to whisper to it. Being asked what he had said, he replied, that he had charged the Deceased to let Augustus know, the People had not yet seen one Penny of what he had left them. This Piece of Humour cost him dear: for, it being brought to the Ears of Tiberius, he commanded the Man to be immediately put to Death; saying, by way of Raillery, that he might carry the Message himself. Yet the Legacy was soon after discharged.

Philip the Third of Spain was a very pious and chaste Prince, but was wholly governed by his Favourites, and took little Cognizance of Matters of Government. His Conscience reproaching him with this while he lay on his Death-Bed, he declared that he was not afraid to give an Account of the Sins of Philip, but of those of the King.

A Letter was once sent to the same Prince, with this Superscription, *To Don Philip, Retainer to the Duke of Lerma*; who was his Prime Minister.

Sir Robert Walpole, during his Ministry, provided for all such as could claim even the most

distant Relation to him. *I wish with all my Heart,* said a Gentleman, *I was but first Cousin to one of Sir Robert's Coach-Horses.*

A profligate young Nobleman, being in sober Company, desired Leave to toast the Devil. The Gentleman, who sat next to him, said he had no Objection to any of his Lordship's Friends.

A certain Nobleman, who had a good Living vacant, refused it to several Clergymen because they could not inform him who was Melchisedec's Father. A young Fellow of Oxford, hearing this, came and asked it for himself. Sir, said the Patron, *If you can tell me who was Melchisedec's Father, you may stand a good Chance.*—*That I'll do instantly,* replied the other; *and who was his Mother too.* Thereupon, taking a Purse of Guineas out of his Pocket, *there, my Lord,* says he, *is the Name of his Father: and here,* presenting him another Purse, *is the Name of his Mother.*—*Well,* answered his Lordship, *this is something to the Purpose. Let me only count the Letters of their Names; and, if they are right, you shall have the Living.*

Pope Sixtus the Fifth, while he was Cardinal, feign'd himself broken with Age and Infirmities, and stooped to excess, looking upon this as one probable Means of his Exaltation to the Chair.
It

It being observed to him, soon after his Election, that he carried himself much more erect than he had lately done, *I was looking for the Keys of St. Peter*, said he: *but, having found them, I have no longer any Occasion to stoop.*

Mrs Woffington, who had often perform'd in Men's Cloaths, saying once that she imagin'd half the Town took her for a Man, *not so*, said Mrs Clive: *For above half the Town knows you to be a Woman.*

King Charles the 2d being prevailed upon to knight a worthless Fellow of mean Aspect, when he was going to lay his Sword upon his Shoulder, the future Knight drew a little back and hung down his Head, as out of Countenance. *Don't be ashamed*, said the King. *'Tis I, who have most Reason to be ashamed.*

Dean Swift, being at Windsor, observed to my Lord Bolingbroke, that the Tower, where the Maids of Honour lodged, (who at that Time were very homely) was much frequented by Crows. My Lord said it was because they smelt Carrion.

An Alehouse-Girl took it into her Head to be catechised at Church. The Parson asking her her Name, *Lord! Sir*, said she, *how can you pretend not*

to know my Name, when you come to our House so often, and cry ten Times in an Evening, NAN, YOU WHORE, BRING US ANOTHER FULL-POT?

Dean Swift relates twelve Witticisms of his admired Stella; of which, according to my Apprehension, three of the best are these.

A Company, where she was, were diverting themselves at the Play of *What is it like?* One Person is to think, and the rest, without knowing the Thing thought on, to say what it is like, and to give a Reason. The Thing thought on was the Spleen. She had said it was like an Oyfter; and she gave her Reason immediately, because it is removed by taking Steel inwardly.

A slovenly Clergyman of her Acquaintance was asked by some of the Company how his Nails came to be so dirty. She said it was by his scratching his own Flesh.

Being extremely ill, one of her Physicians said, *Madam, you are near the Bottom of the Hill: but we will endeavour to get you up again.* She answered, *Doctor, I fear I shall be out of Breath before I get to the Top.*

A young Girl of the City of Chichester was playing

playing at *What is it like?* in a Company, where was present an old Lady of venerable Character, named Boucher. She likened the Thing thought on to Mrs Boucher's Stick. It proved to be the History of Pamela. *The History of Pamela*, said she, *is like Mrs Boucher's Stick, because it is the support of Virtue.*

It is hoped the following Circumstance may be related without scandalizing religious Persons.

A Gentleman of the same City, having had a Cat kitten'd upon Michaelmas-Day, gave him on that Account the Name of Michael. As he was once playing with his Cat and calling him by this Name, *I wonder, Sir*, said his Servant-Maid, *what you would have called your Cat, if he had been kitten'd upon Christmas-Day.*

A Butcher of that City, noted for his Ignorance, being in Company with several Tradesmen at a Public-house, the Question was started, *what was the most pleasant Manner, in which a Man of Fortune could pass his Time?* It coming to this Man's turn to declare his Taste, he begins in this Manner, *now depose I had a Thousand a Year.*—DEPOSE? you Blockhead, said one of the Company. DEPOSE? *Is that your Learning?*—Well, said the Butcher very seriously, IMPOSE then, *since you are so nice with your Words.* An

An Athenian and a Lacedemonian disputing upon the military Merits of their two several Nations, *we*, said the Athenian, *have driven you several Times from the Walls of Athens.*—But *we*, replied the Lacedemonian, *have never driven you from the Walls of Lacedemon*: Intimating that the Athenians had never dared to approach near to that City.

A little Boy, some Time since, asked his Father, in a large Company, which was the most honourable, the Knighthood of the Bath, or that of the Garter. *Formerly*, said the Father, *that of the Garter*: but *now that of the Bath*: Intimating, as we may suppose, that the first is conferred on Account of Birth, or by Favour, and the Latter frequently on the Score of Merit.

Certain insolent Fellows having presented themselves naked before Livia, the Wife of Augustus Cæsar, the Emperor would have condemn'd them to die: But Livia herself thought proper to intercede for them. *Naked Men*, said she, *are but Statues in the Eyes of virtuous Women.*

Philip of Macedon gave Sentence against a Prisoner when he was drowsy and seem'd to give little Attention. *I appeal*, said the Prisoner.—The King, somewhat startled, said, *to whom do you appeal?*

deal? The Prisoner replied, from Philip, when he gave no Ear, to Philip when he shall give Ear.

There is a noble Freedom and Boldness in a certain Reply of *Messala's* to *Augustus Caesar*. *Messala* took Part with *Brutus* and *Cassius* against *Octavius* (afterwards *Augustus*) *Caesar* and *Mark Anthony*. After the Battle of *Philippi*, when *Brutus* and *Cassius* were dead, *Octavius* and *Anthony* disagreeing and coming to an open Rupture, he sided with the former, and fought for him in the decisive Battle of *Actium*. *Augustus* once acknowledging in his Presence the Service he had received from him in this last-mentioned Battle, notwithstanding he had been one of his fiercest Enemies at *Philippi*, *Messala* made Answer, You shall always find me, *Caesar*, on the best and justest Side; herein still vindicating the Cause of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, though he preferred the Person of *Augustus* to that of *Anthony*.

After the second Carthaginian War, *Hanno* was sent from Carthage to Rome to mediate a Peace, which in the End he obtain'd. In the Course of the Treaty, a Senator said to him, you have often broken the Peace whereto you have sworn. By what Gods will you swear now? *Hanno* answered, By the same Gods, who have so severely punish'd our former Perjuries.

A dull Orator delivering before Maximilian, King of Bohemia, a fulsome Panegyric upon that Prince, the King commanded him Silence. *I have hear'd*, says he to those about him, *what he intended further to say, as well as what he has already said.*

Old Antigonus being told, just before a great Sea-Fight, that the Enemy was far superior to him in Number of Ships, *for how many then*, said he, *dost thou reckon me?*

The famous Marshal Villars was taken Notice of for shunning the Company of Persons of his own Years, and affecting to live with young People; which he was once told proceeded from a Desire of forgetting that he was old. He answered with great Spirit that he would never suffer his Enemies to remember that he was old.

When he was turned of Fourscore, he gave such an Instance of Vivacity, in the War in Italy, in attacking some squadrons of Imperial Horse with the King of Sardinia's Guards, that the Monarch politely told him he lost the experienced General in beholding all the Ardour of a young Officer; to which the Marshal replied, that Lamps were apt to sparkle when they were expiring.

The Marshal had many Enemies at the Court

of

of Versailles, who did all they could to lessen him in the Esteem of the King. When he was once taking his Leave, at his going to command the Army in Flanders, *I leave your Majesty, said he, in the midst of my own Enemies, while I go to oppose your's.*

Lewis the Fourteenth giving his Grandson, who was going to take Possession of the Crown of Spain, some political Rules, & speaking of the strict Friendship there would probably be from that Time between the Crowns of Spain and France, *the Pyrenean Hills, said he, exist now no more.*

A Usurer, having lost a Hundred Pound, promised Ten Pound reward to any one that should bring it him. A tender-conscienced Man, who had found it, brought it to him, demanding the ten Pounds. But the Usurer, to baffle him, alledged there was a Hundred and Ten Pounds in the Bag, when lost. The Man arrested him, and, the Cause coming to be tried, and it appearing that the Seal had not been broken, nor the Bag ripped, the Judge says to the Defendant, *the Bag you lost had a Hundred and Ten Pound in it, you say?—Yes my Lord, says he.—Then, replied the Judge, according to the Evidence given in Court, this cannot be your Money: For here was but a Hundred Pound. Therefore the Plaintiff must keep it till the true Owner*
E 2 *appears;*

appears; and you must look for your Hundred and Ten Pounds elsewhere.

A Prisoner in Ludgate some Years ago sent to his Creditor, to let him know he had a Proposal to make, which he conceived would be for their mutual Benefit. The Creditor calling on him to hear it, *I have been thinking*, said he, *that it is a very idle Thing for me to lie here, and put you to the Expence of seven Groats a Week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great Uneasiness: and God knows what it may cost you in the End. Therefore what I would propose is this. You shall let me out of Prison; and, instead of seven Groats, you shall allow me only Eighteen-Pence a Week; and the other Ten-Pence shall go towards the Discharge of the Debt.*

A Gentleman begged Villars, the witty Duke of Buckingham, to employ his Interest for him at Court, adding, that he had Nobody to depend on but God and his Grace. *Then*, said the Duke, *your Condition is desperate. You could not have named any Two, who have less Interest at Court.*

One saying in Company how glorious and useful a Body the Sun was, *the Sun*, to be sure, says another, *is a very fine Body. But in my Opinion the Moon is much more useful: for the Moon affords us Light in the Night-time, when we really want it; whereas we have the Sun with us only in the Day-time, when we have no Occasion for it.* A

A Student in one of our Universities sent to another Student of his College, to borrow a certain Book. *I never lend my Books out*, said the Latter: *But, if the Gentleman chuses to come to my Chamber, he may make use of it as long as he pleases.* A few Days after, he, that had refused his Book, sends to the other, to borrow a Pair of Bellows. *I never lend my Bellows out*, says this other: *but if the Gentleman chuses to come to my Chamber, he may make use of them as long as he pleases.*

One saying there were great Quantities of red Black-berries in the Hedges, *that's a Bull*, says another: *For, how can Black-berries be red?—Why,* says the first, *are not Black-berries always red when they are green?*

I hear, said one Irishman to another, *that our Friend Patrick such-a-one is hang'd.*——*No*, said the other. *He was indeed condemned to be hang'd: but he saved his Life by dying in Prison.*

An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose Country there was the best living, said the Welchman, *there is such noble House-keeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen Cooks employed in dressing one Wedding-Dinner.*——*I suppose*, said the Englishman, *that was because every Man toasted his own Cheese.*

A young Fellow, after having an Affair with a Girl, said, *how shall we do, Best, if you should prove with Child?*—Oh, very well, said she: *for I am to be married To-morrow.*

The late Lord Shaftsbury, going out one Day, called an Irish Footman to the Side of his Chariot, and bade him tell Mr. Such-a-one, if he came, that he should be at Home at Dinner. By and by the Irishman overtakes the the Chariot, My Lord, says he, *You bade me tell the Gentleman, if he came, that you would be at Home at Dinner. But what must I tell him if he does not come?*

A Keeper of Richmond Park refusing to open the Park-Gate to a Country-Clergyman, one Day when his late Majesty was hunting, Captain Boudens procured the Clergyman Admittance, by assuring the Keeper, that that Gentleman was His Majesty's Hunting-Chaplain.

Says a Man, having a Candle in his Hand, *By this Light, Wife, I dreamed that thou madest me a Cuckold.* She, having a Piece of Bread in her Hand, said, *By this Bread I did not.*—Eat the Bread, says he, —Nay, says she, *eat you the Candle: for you swore first.*

A Dyer in a Court of Justice being ordered to hold up his Hand, which was very black,
take

*take off your Glove, Friend, said the Judge.—
Put on your Spectacles, my Lord, answered the
Dyer.*

A Gentleman, sitting by another, whom he was unacquainted with, in the Pit of Drury-Lane Playhouse, and seeing two Women come into a Box just opposite to them, turned about to his Neighbour, and said, *'s Death, can you tell what ugly Bitch that is?—Who, Sir?* answer'd the Gentleman. *That Lady coming into the Box? 'Tis my Sister.—*No, Sir, no, cried the other, greatly confounded. *I mean that shocking Monster with her.—Oh, Sir,* said the Gentleman, *that's my Wife.*

King Charles the 2d coming through Shoreditch into London, and observing a Bank lately mended with Horns, bade Lord Rochester, who was in the Coach with him, take Notice of it. *Ay, Sir,* said Rochester, *I see the Citizens have been LAYING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER, to mend the Way, against your Majesty's coming by.*

Of two Fellows, who sold Brooms, one was surprized that the other should under-sell him, being conscious that he himself stole all the Materials of his Brooms. But it afterwards appear'd, that the other stole his Brooms ready-made.

A Country-fellow appearing quite unconcerned
at

at a very moving Sermon, he, who sat next to him, wondered he could hear such a Discourse with so much Indifference. *The Sermon*, said the Fellow, *is nothing to me: for I don't belong to this Parish.*

A Man following his Wife's Body to the Grave, and the Bearers walking pretty quick, *don't go so fast*, said he. *Why should we make a Toil of a Pleasure?*

One said of a Scholar who squinted, that he must surely be more learned than another Man, since he could read both Sides of a Book at once.

The late George Willis, a Fellow in low Life, but a Man of a considerable Share of Wit, and of infinite Comedy, coming home very drunk one Afternoon, *this Habit of drinking*, said his Wife, *will certainly shorten your Days.—Then*, said George, *my Nights will be the longer.*

Quin having taken Offence at one of the Actresses, *Madam*, said he, *if spinning upon you was not taking Notice of you, I would do it.*

Two Irishmen travelling on Foot from Chester, to London, being heartily tired, were much chagrind when they came to Barnet, to find they had
still

still ten Miles to go. When they had considered of it for some Time, *Hang it*, says one of them, *'tis but five Miles a-piece. Let us e'en walk on.*

Dr. South, visiting a Gentleman one Morning, accepted of an Invitation to dine; upon which, the Gentleman went into the next Room, and desired his Wife to provide something extraordinary. But she immediately began to scold, and behaved at such a Rate that her Husband, in a great Passion, swore, if it was not for the Stranger in the next Room, he would kick her out of Doors. Upon this, the Doctor, who heard all that past, steps out. *I beg, Sir*, says he, *you will make no Stranger of me.*

Dennis Bond dying the Day before Oliver Cromwell, it was said, that Cromwell had given *Bond* to the Devil for his Appearance the next Day.

It was said of one, who remembered all that was owing him, but forgot all he owed, that he had lost half his Memory.

What makes you stand lying a-Bed so? said one Country-fellow to another. *Why don't you fall arising?*

I read six Hours a-Day, said a College-Lad, *and no one is the wiser.*

A Grocer's Wife and a Cheefemonger's meeting at a visit, when they had risen up and taken their Leaves, the Cheefemonger's Wife was going out of the Room first. Upon which, the other stops her. *Madam, says she, nothing comes after Cheese.* *M*

Daniel Purcel, as having the Character of a great Punster, was desired by a Gentleman to make a Pun extempore. *Upon what Subject?* said he.—*Upon the King,* answered the other.—*The King,* said he, *is no Subject.*

A Tradesman bringing his Bill to a Gentleman sooner than it was expected, *you need not have been in such a Hurry,* said the Gentleman. *I am not going to run away.*—*Sir,* replied the Tradesman, *I don't imagine you are. But, tho' you are not going to run away, I am; and therefore must beg the Favour of you to let me have my Money.*

A Countryman sowing his Ground while two Smarts were riding by, *Well, honest Fellow,* said one of them, *'tis your Business to sow: but we shall reap the Fruits of your Labour.*—*'Tis very likely you may,* replied the Countryman; *for I am sowing Hemp.*

Harry the 4th of France (some relate it of Charles the 5th, Emperor of Spain) reading on the Monument

ument of a Spanish Officer, *Here lies Don Such-a-one, who never knew what Fear was,*—Then, said the King, *he never snuff'd a Candle with his Fingers.*

Alexander the Great reproaching a famous Pirate with his Robberies, *I am a Pirate,* replied he, *as having but a single Ship. Had I a Fleet, I should be a Conqueror.*

The Elector of Cologne is likewise an Archbishop. One of the Electors, swearing one Day prophanely, asked a Peasant, who seem'd to wonder, what he was so surprized at. *To hear an Archbishop swear,* answered the Peasant. *I swear,* replied the Elector, *not as an Archbishop, but as a Prince.*—But, my Lord, said the Peasant, *when the Prince goes to the Devil, what will become of the Archbishop?*

Waller, the Poet, having written a Copy of Verses in Praise of King Charles the 2d, and presenting them to him, the King reproached him with having written better Verses in Praise of Cromwel. Sir, said Waller, *we Poets commonly succeed better in Fiction than in TRUTH.*

An Italian Prince, whose Territories were very small, having taken Offence at a Frenchman who resided at his Court, sent him an Order to evacuate his State in three Days. *I am much obliged to His*

Highness, said the Frenchman, for giving me three Days to do what may be easily done in three-quarters of an Hour.

An English Gentleman, travelling through the Territories of another of those petty Princes, and seeing for a considerable Time neither House nor human Figure, at last spied a Man digging, near a Gibbet with a dead Body upon it. Having enquired whose Territories he was in, and being answered, *Sure, said he, your Prince must be a very cruel Man, to hang half his Subjects.*

A Gentleman made his Addresses to a young Lady; and Matters were almost brought to a Conclusion, when he bethought himself of begging of her Father a very fine Mare that he had. The Father refused him; and the Gentleman took the Refusal in such Dudgeon, that he broke off his Match with the Daughter. About a Year after, seeing her in some public Place, he accosted her: but she pretended not to know him. *Surely, Madam, said he, you must know me. I had the Honour, this Time Twelve-Month, of paying you several Visits.— Oh, Sir, says she, I recollect you now. You came wooing to my Father's Mare: and she is not married yet.*

A Popish Priest having given his Dog Christian Burial, his Bishop threatened a severe Punishment for

for his prophaning the Rites of the Church. But, the Priest informing him that the Dog had made his Will, and had left his Lordship a Legacy of a hundred Crowns, the Bishop declared the Burial to be very canonical.

A certain Poet presenting Augustus Cæsar with a Copy of Verses in his Praise, the Emperor gave him in Return an Epigram of his own composing. The Poet, having read it, and seeming to admire it, takes out his Purse, and offers the Emperor several Pieces of Gold. *I would not confine myself to so small a Present, says he, were my Circumstances better.* This Hint had the desired Effect.

The famous Corelli, performing a new Composition of his own, for the Entertainment of a certain Cardinal, observed that his Eminence gave little Attention to it, but amused himself in conversing with those about him. Hereupon he stopped his Music at once. The Cardinal, surprized, asked if any of the Instruments were out of Order. *No, My Lord, said Corelli: but I fear'd I hindered Business.* The Cardinal felt the Reproof, and promised a strict Attention to the rest of the Performance.

Alexander hearing Antipater, his Father's Minister, a Man of great Pride, commended for
dressing

dress in a plain, modest Way, *'tis true*, said he,
his Drift is his modest: but he is all Purple within.
 (In those Days Purple was worn only by Princes.)

Some young Fellows of Pyrrhus's Army, being
 one Evening in Debauch, passed several Galleries
 on the King. Pyrrhus, being informed of it, com-
 manded them into his Presence, and asked them if
 it was true. *'Tis very true, Sir*, said one of them:
and, if we had had more Wine, we should have said
much more than we did. This humorous and seem-
 ingly frank (but artful) Confession procured their
 Pardon.

A Cardinal of the Name of Salviati had a Dis-
 pute with a Person of inferior Condition, with
 whom he was playing at Chess. A young Italian,
 coming into the Room, immediately gave it against
 the Cardinal, who asked him, with Surprise, how
 he could presume to determine in that Manner,
 while he knew nothing of the Fact. *My Lord*, said
 he, *had you been right, all these Gentlemen here present*
would have instantly given Judgment in your Favour.
But they fear you on Account of your high Quality:
and their Silence is a Proof that you are wrong.

Sebastian King of Portugal presenting a Sword
 set with precious Stones to the young Duke of Pas-
 trana, this Duke, who was but fifteen Years of Age,
 im-

immediately unsheathed it, and, touching the Blade, without regarding the precious Stones, *it is very good*, said he.

The late King of Prussia asked Sir Robert Sutton, at a Review of his tall Grenadiers, if he thought an equal Number of Englishmen could beat them. *I wont affirm*, said Sir Robert, *that an equal Number could beat them; but I believe half the Number would try.*

His late Majesty, at a Review of his Horse-Guards, asked Monsieur de Buffy, the French Ambassador, if he thought the King of France had better Troops. *Oh, yes, Sir*, replied the Ambassador. *The King of France has his Gens-d'armes, which are reckoned the best Troops in the world. Did your Majesty never see them?* The King answered *No*. Upon which General Campbel, Colonel of the Scotch Greys, who lost his Life at the Battle of Fontenoy, and who was then within hearing, steps up, and says,—*though your Majesty has not seen those Troops His Excellency speaks of, I have seen them, and have cut my Way through them twice; and make no Doubt of doing the same again, whenever your Majesty shall think it proper to command me.*

A Duke of Guise of Lewis the 14th's Time, who had made himself most remarkable by many
strange

strange and almost incredible Adventures, by a Quixot Bravery, and by an Excess in all the Circumstances of his Conduct, appearing in Public with the great Prince of Conde, *there, said the Spectators, is the Hero of History, and the Hero of Romance.*

A Gentleman seeing a Country-Fellow with his newly-married Wife, *let me give thy Wife a Kiss,* said he. *When I marry, thou shalt Kiss mine:* To which the Peasant consented. Shortly after, the Gentleman marries, and, according to his Promise, permits the Countryman to give his Wife a Kiss. *Madam,* said the Fellow, after having kist her, *since my Master is so honest, and keeps his Word so well, I am very sorry that, instead of only giving my Wife a Kiss, he did not go to Bed with her.*

Those staunch Churchmen, who never frequent the Church, have been humorously enough called *the Buttresses of the Church*, as supporting it on the Out-side. Of this Number probably was a certain Fellow, who, coming drunk one Evening through Barnet Church-yard, and having Occasion to stop, as he stood with his Face to the Church, clapped it with his Hand in a very affectionate Manner, and cried, *Ah, Dam'me, you old Bitch, I'll stand by you as long as I live, by G—d.*

A French Gentleman (many will suppose him to have been of Irish extraction) being complimented upon the Appearance his Coach-Horses made, and being told they were in fine Plight, *to be sure*, said he. *How should they be otherwise? They eat such excellent Hay and Oats that the King himself never ate better.*

It is related by some of Diogenes, but by Machiavel of Castruccio Castracani, that, being conducted by a slovenly Fellow through the Apartments of a House, where the Floors, as well as the Furniture, were kept superstitiously clean, and wanting or pretending to want to spit, he spat full in the Face of his Conductor. *I ask your Pardon*, said he: *but it was really the dirtiest Place I could find.*

Bishop Burnet, who was a tall, large-boned Man, preaching once with great Vehemence before King Charles the 2d, and having delivered a religious Truth (or what he took for such) *who dares deny it?* said he; giving at the same Time a terrible Thump on his Cushion. *By—G—d*, said the King in a Whisper, *nobody that stands within the Reach of that damn'd great Fist of your's.*

A Lord-Mayor of London, visiting a Country-Gentleman at his Seat, was carried by him a-hunting; a Diversion, to which His Lordship was
G an

an utter Stranger. As they were galloping along, *There! My Lord*, says the Gentleman, charmed with the Cry of his Dogs, *There's Music! there's Music for you! Did you ever hear finer?—Music!* said the Mayor, listening. *Where? I don't hear it—What d'ye mean, my Lord?* says the Gentleman. *Not hear it? You can never be so deaf as that. I'm sure 'tis loud enough. And the finest Music in the World.—Damn those Dogs,* says the Lord Mayor. *They keep such a Yelping I can't hear it.*

A blockish Fellow applying to a Popish Bishop for Orders, and being asked this Question, *Who was Father to the four Sons of Aymon?* and not knowing what to answer, was refused, as insufficient. Returning Home to his Father, and telling him why he was not ordained, his Father told him he was a great Dolt indeed, that could not tell who was Father to the four Sons of Aymon. *Yonder, for Example,* says he, *is Great John the Smith, who has four Sons. Now, if any one should ask thee who was their Father, wouldst not thou of Course say it was great John the Smith?—Yes, yes,* quoth the Son. *Now I understand it.* Thereupon he went again; and, being asked a second Time who was Father to the four Sons of Aymon, he answered, *it was Great John the Smith.*

Mr Foote, the late Will Collins, and one or two

of their Acquaintances, went once to hear Orator Henley, one of whose Subjects for that Evening was a Fellow, who had been lately hang'd at Tyburn. While he was haranguing hereupon, these Sparks took into their Heads to groan: Upon which Henley stops short. *Gentlemen*, says he, *you have a Right to groan: for I make no doubt the Deceased was one of your near Relations.*

Lewis the 14th rallying the Duke of Vivonne upon his extraordinary Fatness, in Presence of the Duke of Aumont, who was not less bulky, *you grow out of all Compass*, said he: *you use no Exercise.*—*Your Majesty will pardon me*, replied the Duke. *Seldom a Day passes, but I walk two or three Times round my Cousin Aumont.*

Diogenes, being present at a Performance of some very unskillful Archers, went and placed himself close to the Mark. Being asked why he put himself there, *I am afraid*, said he, *if I stand any where else, some of their Arrows will hit me.*

In the Civil War of France of the last Century, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Niece to Lewis the 13th, and first Cousin to Lewis the 14th, whom she was desirous of marrying, had the Temerity, not being of the Court Party, to order the Cannon of the Bastille to be fired upon the King's
Troops

Troops, as they lay before Paris. This the King never truly forgave her. *That Cannon, said Cardinal Mazarine, has kill'd her Husband.*

Henrietta of England, Daughter to Charles the first, married Philip Duke of Orleans, the Brother of Lewis the fourteenth, by whom she had a Daughter named Mary Louisa, who was married, much against her Liking, to Charles the Second of Spain. Her Inclination was for the Dauphin, her First-Cousin; in marrying whom she would in all Probability be one Day Queen of France. *My dear Kinswoman, said Lewis, expostulating with her, I make you Queen of Spain. What could I do more even for my own Daughter?—Alas! Sir, said she, you might do more for your NIECE.*

For some Years before the Nomination of the Duke of Anjou, Grandson of Lewis the 14th, to the Crown of Spain, a Sort of Prophecy was current at Paris that the Dauphin, the Duke's Father, should be the Son of a King and the Father of a King, without being himself a King. Lewis reminding him of this at the Time of the Duke's Departure from Spain, *Sir, replied the Dauphin, I see the Accomplishment of the Prophecy with great Joy; and hope I shall joy all my Life long* THE KING MY FATHER, AND THE KING MY SON.

Francis

Francis the first of France, having lost the Battle of Pavia, in which he had behaved with the greatest Pravery, and being taken Prisoner, wrote to his Mother in these Terms, *Madam, we have lost every Thing, except our Honour.*

Serjeant Maynard, an eminent Counsellor of the last Century, waiting, with the Body of the Law, upon the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William) at his Arrival in London, the Prince took Notice of his great Age, the Serjeant being then near ninety. Sir, said he, *you have out-lived all the men of the Law of your younger Years.—I should have out-liv'd even the Law it-self,* replied the Serjeant, *if your Highness had not come over.*

It is said that Voltaire, having lampoon'd a Nobleman, was caned by him for his licentious Wit, and that, applying to the Duke of Orleans, then regent, and begging him to do him Justice, the Duke replied, smiling, *Sir, it has been done already.*

Pope was one Evening at Button's Coffee-House, where he and a Set of Literati had got poring over a Greek Manuscript, in which they found a Passage, that none of them could comprehend. A young Officer, overhearing their Conference, begg'd that he might be permitted to look at the Passage. *Oh,* says

says Pope sarcastically, *by all means. Pray let the young Gentleman look at it.* Upon which the Officer took up the Manuscript, and, considering a-while, said there only wanted a Note of Interrogation, to make the whole intelligible: which was really the Case. *And, pray, Master,* says Pope, with a Sneer, *What is a Note of Interrogation?—A Note of Interrogation,* replied the young Fellow with a Look of great Contempt, *is a little crooked Thing, that asks Questions.*

A French Gentleman presenting a young Marquis, named De Tierceville, to a Lady of his Acquaintance, *Madam,* said he, *this is the Marquis de Tierceville; and he is not so great a Fool as he looks to be.—Madam,* replied Tierceville, *there lies the Difference between him and me.*

A French Gentleman belonging to the the Court of Lewis the 14th, named D'Hermonville, had accustomed himself to say to every one in his Salutations, *I kiss your Hands.* He one Day used this impertinently familiar Compliment to the Prince of Conde, where was present the Duke of Roquelaure, a Man of much ready Wit. Soon after, came in the Dauphin, who, not seeing the Prince, as he had expected, enquired where he was. *He will be here presently,* said the Duke of Roquelaure. *He is gone but to wash his Hands, after Monsieur D'Hermonville has kist them.* The

The Duke of Roquelaure just mentioned had a remarkably small Nose. One of the French Bishops of that Time had a very large one. This Bishop standing once before the Duke at the King's Supper, *Pray, My Lord Bishop, said the Duke, take your Nose out of the Way, that I may see the King.* — *My Lord Duke, replied the Bishop, don't be so offended at my Nose. It was not made out of what ought to have gone to yours.*

Francis the 1st. of France had once an Interview at Bologna with Pope Leo the 10th. Though the former was a Prince of great Expence, the Pope was not less so, & at this Interview appeared with the greatest Splendor of the two. The King, somewhat piqued hereat, as esteeming a Pope but a petty Prince, compared with a King of France, took Occasion, in one of their Conferences, to observe that there was a Time, when those, who had the Care of the Spiritual Welfare of others, were plain, simple Men, that despised all the Childish Ostentations of this Life, and confined themselves to the Performance of their Duty.' *Tis very true, said the Pope. That was when Kings kept Sheep.*

The Dukes of Savoy formerly stiled themselves *Kings of Cyprus*, while that Island was subject to another Power. A Frenchman, who assumed the Title of *Marquis*, to which he was supposed to have

have no Right, passing some Time at the Court of Savoy, the Dutcheſs asked him one Day where his Marquiſate lay. *Madam*, ſaid he, *it lies in your Kingdom of Cyprus.*

The Duke of Montauſier, of Lewis the 14th's Time, a Man of auſtere Morals, thought he ſaw great Cauſe of Scandal in the Satires of Boileau. Somebody one Day commending this Writer in the Duke's Preſence, and declaring him to be an excellent Poet, *Is he ſo?* ſaid the Duke. *Then let him be ſent to the Gallies crown'd with Laurels.*

Monſieur Vaugelas through the Recommendation of Cardinal Richlieu obtained a Penſion of Lewis the 13th, at the Time he was compiling a Dictionary. *Well, Monſieur Vaugelas*, ſaid the Cardinal, *you won't forget the Word PENSION in your Dictionary?*—*No my Lord*, replied Vaugelas; *nor the Word GRATITUDE.*

A Gentleman juſt come off a Journey found Means to get into the Ball-room at Bath, accoutred in his Boots and Spurs, and a whip in his Hand. Beau Naſh, immediately making up to him, told him he was glad to ſee him at Bath: but begged Leave to remind him of a Piece of Neglect, which he had been guilty of. *What is that, Sir?* ſaid the Gentleman,—*Why, Sir*, replied Naſh,

I ſee

I see you have got your Boots, Spurs, and Whip. But you have unfortunately left your Horse behind.

This appears to me one of the best of Nash's Jest. I mean of *his own* Jest; which consist for the most Part of bad Puns. Some of his Puns are, however, tolerably good. I think the following one among the best of them.

Overtaking on the Road an extravagant young Gentleman, who had lately borrowed a few Guineas of him at the Gaming-Table, and putting him in mind of the Debt, he promised to pay some of the Money before they parted. Soon after, passing by a Pound, the young Fellow takes a Shilling out of his Pocket, and chucks it into the Pound. *There, Nash, says he, there's one Pound one of your Money.—I can make no more of it, says Nash, than a Shilling in the Pound; which I suppose is the way you intend to pay all your Debts.*

Old Cross the Player was very deaf; but did not care to be known to be so. Jo Miller, going one Day along Fleet-Street, and seeing Cross on the other Side of the way, told an Acquaintance, he had with him, that he should see something diverting. Then, beckoning to Cross with his Hand, and stretching open his Mouth very wide, as though he halloo'd to him, (though in Reality

H

he



he said nothing) the old Fellow crosses the Way in a mighty Pet. *What a Pox*, says he, *do you make such a Noise for? Do you think a Body can't hear?*

A Parson, being offended at the Behaviour of a Farmer his Parishioner, with whom he was disputing, told him he was better fed than taught. *'Tis very True*, said the Farmer. *And the Reason is that you teach me, and I feed myself.*

A poor Fellow condemned told the late Justice Burnet it was very hard to be hang'd for stealing a Horse. *No, Friend*, said the Judge: *you are not hang'd for stealing a Horse; but that Horses may not be stolen.*

A Gentleman, who had a Suit in Chancery, was called upon by his Counsel to put in his Answer, for Fear of incurring a Contempt. *And why*, said he, *is not my Answer put in?—How should I draw your Answer*, said the Lawyer, *till I know what you can swear?—Pox o' your Scruples*, replied the Gentleman. *Do your Part as a Lawyer, and draw a sufficient Answer; and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman and swear to it.*

An arch Wag, standing by where several were boasting of their Ancestry, affirmed that he was of a more antient Family than any of them;
and



and that he could trace his Family in a *lineal* Descent from King Lud. *Ay?* says one of them. *How will you make that appear?*—*Why*, says he, *I was put into Ludgate for Debt, and made my Escape down a Rope.*

A Gentleman, who had spent his Estate, being in Company with some wealthy Citizens, one of them observed that, though Citizens were for the most Part younger Brothers, that inherited but small Fortunes, yet, by their superior Abilities, they were often enabled to purchase Gentlemen's Estates, while these Latter died poor. The Gentleman replied, that it was not owing to their Abilities, but that Providence wisely ordered it so: *for*, says he, *we get your Children, and you get our Estates; and it is but fit the Land should descend to the right Heirs.*

A staunch Whig, disputing with a Jacobite, said he had two good Reasons for being against the Interest of the Pretender. *What are these?* said the other. *The first*, replied he, *is that he is an Impostor, and not really King James's Son.*—*That*, said the Jacobite, *would be a good Reason, if it could be proved.* *And what is your other?*—*My other Reason*, said the Whig, *is that he is King James's Son.*

A Lady declaring herself to be about forty Years of Age in a Company where Cicero was present, a Person, who sat near him, asked him if he believed that to be her real Age, and whether he did not suspect her to be older. *Surely, said Cicero, I ought to believe her, when I have heard her affirm the same for ten Years together.*

We are told it was once the Custom in Spain to pardon a Man condemned to the Gallows, provided some common Prostitute would demand him for a Husband, and he would consent to marry her. It is added that a certain Courtier, having incurred the King's Displeasure, was imprisoned; but, being soon set at Liberty and appearing again at Court, a Lady of no great Fame for Chastity banter'd him on his late Imprisonment, and told him she had thought him in a fair Way to be hang'd. *Truly, Madam, replied he, I thought myself there was some Danger of it. Yet I was not without Hopes that you would demand me for a Husband.*

The famous Tony Lee of King Charles the 2d's Time, being killed in a Tragedy, could not forbear coughing as he lay upon the Stage; which causing a great Laugh, he lifted up his Head, and, speaking to the Audience, said,—*This makes good what my poor Mother used to tell me: for she would often say I should cough in my Grave, because I used to drink in my Porridge.* The

(The Word *Chaise* in the French Tongue signifies Chair.)

Father *La Chaise*, Confessor to Lewis the 14th, neglected, upon some Occasion, to use his Interest in behalf of a young Fellow, to whom he had promised it. This was in the latter Part of his Life, when he walked with a Stick. *Reverend Father*, said the young Fellow, *I now see my Mother was right, when she used to caution me not to trust to a Chair with three Legs.*

A Scholar of Doctor Busby's, coming into a Parlour where the Doctor had laid down a Bunch of Grapes, takes it up, and says aloud, *I publish the Banns between these Grapes and my Mouth. If any one knows just Cause or Impediment why these two should not be join'd, let him declare it; and there-upon eats the Grapes.* The Doctor happened to be within hearing; and, coming soon after into the School, he ordered the Boy to be horsed. But, before he proceeded to discipline, he said aloud, *I publish the Banns between my Rod and this Boy's Breech. If any one knows just Cause or Impediment why these two should not be joined, let him declare it.*—*I forbid the Banns*, cried the Boy—*And for what Reason?* said the Doctor.—*Because*, replied the Boy, *the Parties are not agreed.* This Piece of Wit saved his Bacon.

His late Majesty, in coming from Holland, hap-
pening to meet with a violent Storm at Sea, the
Captain of the Yatch told the Chaplain that in five
Minutes they should be all in Heaven. *The Lord*
forbid, said the Chaplain.

A foolish Fellow in Southwark, who was nick-
named Cocky, was often employed to ride Horses
to water at a certain Pond. One Day, as his Horse
was drinking in a Part of the Pond, a little be-
yond which was a deep Hole, *ride him in a little*
farther, Cocky, said some malicious Boys, that were
playing thereabouts; *ride him in a little farther*,—
No, no, said Cocky very gravely, who well knew of
the Hole: *let him drink this first*.

An extravagant young Fellow, rallying a frugal
Country-Gentleman, said, among other Things,
I'll warrant you those Plate Buttons on your Coat were
your Great-Grand-Father's.—Yes, said the other:
and I have got my Great-Grand-Father's Lands too.

In the Year 64, there was a strange Rumour in
London of a Right Reverend Bishop, who had
been caught in Bed with another Man's Wife.
This occasioned great Scandal for some Time. But,
the Matter coming to be explain'd, this Right Revd
Prelate appear'd to be his R——l H——s the
Bishop of O——g, who was then about a Year
old. General

General Dalzel passing by a Centinel at Portsmouth, the Fellow complain'd to him that he wanted Shoes. *'Tis very fit you should have a Pair*, said the General. Thereupon he takes a Piece of Chalk, and chalks out a Pair of Shoes upon the Centry-Box. *There's a Pair for you*, adds he, and goes his Way. His Back was no sooner turn'd than the Soldier chalks out a Man standing Centinel, and then goes *his* Way. The General, presently after, was surprized to meet the Fellow in the Town, and enquired, with severe Threats, how he came to leave his Post. *Sir*, said he, *I am relieved*. — *Relieved? that's impossible at this Time of Day. Who has relieved you?* — *One, that (I'll answer for it) won't stir from his Post*, replied the Soldier. Hereupon the General goes with him to the Place. *There, Sir*, says the Fellow; *if I am to look upon this as a good Pair of Shoes, you must own that this is likewise a very good Centinel*.

A Sailor coming before the Lords of the Admiralty, to be admitted into an Office in a Ship just then put in Commission, one of their Lordships, suspecting him not qualified for the Place, told him he did not believe he could say the Points of the Compass. *Yes, I can*, replied the Sailor, *better than you can say the Lord's Prayer*. — His Lordship told him he would lay him a Wager of twenty Shillings of that. *Done*, said the Sailor, and immediately

diately he went through all the Points of the Compass. Then My Lord repeated his Pater Noster, and, when he had finished, claimed the Wager, because the Sailor was to say his Compass *better* than he did his Pater Noster; which he had not done. *Hold*, cried the Sailor, *hold. I have yet but half done.* Upon which, he began again, and said his Compass *backwards* very exactly; which His Lordship failing of in his Pater Noster, the Sailor won the Wager.

Beau Nash took a Hack one Night at Temple-Bar, and bade the Man drive to Berkeley-Square. The Fellow, who had been wishing for the usual Time of his going home, swore, as he was mounting the Box, that he should be glad to drive his Fare to Hell. *Do you consider*, said Nash, *when they were come to Berkeley-Square, that, if you had driven me to Hell, as you said just now you should be glad to do, you must have gone there your-self?—* *You mistake, Sir*, replied the Fellow: *for I should have back'd you in.*

Mr B——, Surgeon of Guy's Hospital, was requested by one of his Profession, who was remarkable for Slovenliness, to give him Notice, whenever he was to perform an Operation at that Hospital, which he conceived would be new to *him*. Shortly after Mr B—— sends to him, to let

let him know he should perform such an Operation the next Day. The other attended, and went through the Wards of the Hospital with him. At last, Mr B—— seeming to have ended his Business, —*But where's the Operation all this while?* said this other Surgeon. —*You shall see it presently,* answer'd B——. Then, calling for Sope and a Basen of Water, Now, said he, observe. *In the first Place, I tuck up my Ruffles, and, taking a little Sope, spread it upon my hands, thus. Then I dip my Hands several Times in the Water, and rub them together, in the Manner that you see. After that, I rinse them, and, taking a Towel, wipe them, as you may perceive, as dry as I can. Now, this I should imagine must be an Operation quite new to you.*

It was observ'd that a certain covetous rich Man never invited any one to dine with him. *I'll lay a Wager,* says a Wag, *I get an Invitation from him.* The Wager being accepted, he goes, the next Day, to this rich Man's House, about the Time that he was known to sit down to Dinner, and tells the Servant that he must speak with his Master immediately; for that he can save him a Thousand Pound. Sir, says the Servant to his Master, *here is a Man in a great Hurry to speak with you, who says he can save you a Thousand Pound.* Out comes his Master. *What's that you say, Sir? That you can save me a Thousand Pound?—Yes, Sir, I can.*
I
But

But I see you are at Dinner. I'll go and dine my-self, and call again.—Oh, pray, Sir, come in and take a Dinner with me.—Sir, I shall be troublesome.—Not at all. The Invitation was accepted; and, Dinner being over, and the Family retired, well, Sir, says the Man of the House; now to our Business. Pray let me know how I am to save this Thousand Pound.—Why, Sir, said the other, I hear you have a Daughter to dispose of in Marriage.—I have.—And that you intend to portion her with ten Thousand Pound.—I do so.—Why, then, Sir, let me have her, and I'll take her with nine Thousand.

A Girl, bred up in the Country under her Aunt, was sent to London, to see the Town, with a strict Charge from the Aunt to write a long Letter, and to be very particular as to the Manner of passing her Time. She had not been long in London before the Letter comes: and the Girl tells her Aunt in it that she had been at the Play with such and such of her Relations; and there was Doll Davison. She had been likewise at Vaux-hall; and there was Doll Davison. In short, she had been at many Places of Entertainment; and there were few of them, where there was not this Doll Davison.—*Doll Davison?* said the Aunt, *I know no such Person. What does the Girl mean by not telling me who she is? She speaks of her here as one that I must be supposed to know.* The old Woman

man puzzled about it during the rest of her Niece's Absence; but to no Purpose; for she could recollect Nobody of that Name. At length, the Niece being return'd, and coming to explain her Letter, this *Doll Davison* proved to be only a wrong spelling for *dull Diversion*.

A Bishop of Rhodes of the 16th Century, making a Visitation in his Diocese, saw a very old Man sitting upon the Sill of a Door, and weeping. *Why do you weep?* said he.—*My Father*, said the old Man, *has beat me*.—*Your Father!* replied the Bishop. *Is it possible a Man of your Age can have a Father living? And wherefore did he beat you?*—*Because*, answer'd the old Man, *I past by my Grandfather, without making him a Bow*. This strange Account drew Tears from the Bishop, and engag'd him to enter the House, where he saw one Man motionless with Extremity of Age, and another, though much younger, yet to all appearance old enough to be the Father of him that was sitting at the Door.

Harry the 8th, having Matter of Dispute with Francis the 1st of France, made Choice of one of his Bishops for an Ambassador to that Prince, and charged him with a rough and threatening Message. The Bishop represented to the King the Risk he should run in delivering himself in such Terms to

so high-spirited a Prince as Francis. *It might cost him his Head.*—*Never fear,* said Harry. *I would revenge the loss of your Head by striking off the Heads of twenty Frenchmen now in my Power.*—*But among all those Heads,* replied the Bishop, *I fear there would not be one, that would fit my Shoulders so well as this, that I have upon them.* At which the King laugh'd and alter'd his Instructions.

A very thrifty Peerefs spoke to her Butler, to be saving of an excellent Run of Small Beer, and ask'd him how it might best be preserved. *I know of no Method so effectual,* replied the Butler, *as the placing a Barrel of good Ale by it.*

One seeing an Acquaintance going before him in the Street, cried *Halloo*. A Foreigner, who was going along at the same Time, ask'd him what Business he had to cry *Halloo* while he was passing by.—*What Business,* said the Englishman, *had you to pass by while I was crying Halloo?*

A Nobleman invited Dean Swift to Dinner, and offered him a Bill of Fare. *No Matter for your Bill of Fare,* said Swift. *Give me rather a Bill of your Company.*

Cardinal d'Este, having been instrumental in raising Sixtus Quintus to the Chair, and not finding

ing himself consulted in Matters of Government, reproached him one Day with having made him Pope. *If you made me Pope,* replied Sixtus, *prither let me be Pope. I shall never be so while I am governed by another.*

The Prince of Orange, afterwards King William, preparing for an Expedition, one of his Officers begg'd to know what his Intention was. *Can you keep a Secret?* said the Prince.—*I can,* Sir, said the Officer.—*And so can I,* replied the Prince.

An Inhabitant of Paris, being in a distant Province of France, took upon him mightily upon the Score of his being a Parisian, and seemed to make little Account of People that lived so far from the Metropolis. Pray, said one to him, *have not you Rats and Mice at Paris? And are not they likewise Parisians?*

A King of Spain, resenting some Proceedings of the King of France, told the French Ambassador at his Court, that he had ordered his Master's Picture to be removed into his Necessary Closet. *You have chosen a very proper Place for it,* replied the Ambassador: *for the Sight of any Thing, that resembles my Master, will always give you a Lax.*

A great Man in Rome, suing for an Office, took a Countryman by the Hand, intending to ask him for his Vote. Finding the Man's Hand callous with hard Labour, *Prithee, Friend, said he, dost thou walk upon thy Hands?* This ill-timed Piece of Wit cost him his Election: for the whole Body of Peasants resented the affront, and voted against him.

Queen Elizabeth, being taken with the gallant Behaviour of the Duke of Villa Medina, the Spanish Ambassador, insisted upon knowing his Mistress. The Duke begg'd her to excuse him; but, finding it to no Purpose, he promised to send her his Mistress's Picture. The next Day she received a small Packet from him, in which she found nothing but a Looking-Glass.

A Person enquiring what was become of such a one, whom he had not seen of a long Time, *poor Fellow, says one of the Company, he is dead. He died insolvent.*—*Died in Solvent?* cries another. *That's a Lie: for he died in England. I am sure I was at his Burying.*

An Irishman speaking of the bad Air of Scotland, where he had resided some Time, *if I had lived there till now, said he, I should have died a great while ago.*

A humorous Countryman, having bought a Barn in Partnership with one of his Neighbours, neglected to make any Use of it, while the other plentifully stored his Part with the Product of his Lands. The latter expostulating with him upon his laying out his Money so fruitlessly, *pray, Neighbour, says he, give yourself no Concern. You may do what you please with your Part of the Barn; but I will set Fire to mine.*

A Venetian Ambassador, going to the Court of Rome, passed through Florence, where he went to pay his Respects to the Duke, who complained to him of the Ambassador the State of Venice had sent him, as a Man very unworthy of his public Character. *Your Highness, said he, must not wonder at it: for we have many idle Pates at Venice.—So have we, replied the Duke, in Florence. But we dont send them to treat of public Affairs.*

Metellus Nepos asked Cicero, in a scoffing Manner, who was his Father, meaning to reproach him with his want of Birth. *Thy Mother, replied Cicero, has made that Question much harder for thee to answer.*

I shall clip your Wife's Wit, said Dean Swift to Mr. Pilkington, in Presence of the Wife. That will be hanging Matter, said she; for 'tis Sterling.

One

One of the Princesses of the Blood of France, being in the Company of some Country-Ladies, asked her, to whom she chiefly address'd herself, how many Children she had. She told her Highness she had three. By and by, tired with the Conversation of Women so much her Inferiors, and forgetting herself, *pray, Madam, said she—how many Children have you?—As I have not lain in,* replied the Gentlewoman, *since your Highness asked me this Question before, I have still no more than three Children.* This free and facetious Answer cured the Princess of her Inattention, and, far from offending her, gave her an Esteem for the Lady, which she ever after preserv'd.

The Dauphin of France, Son of Lewis the 14th, recovering from a dangerous Fit of Illness, among the numerous Compliments he received thereupon, was that of the Fishwives of Paris, who deputed four of their Body to Versailles. These Women being admitted to his Presence, and expressing several Ways their great Joy for his Recovery; *what would have been become of us,* said one of them, *if our dear Dauphin had died? In him we had lost every Thing.* This was but a bad Compliment to the King, who was there present; a Man of a jealous Temper, and mho could not bear that the Princes of the Blood, nor even that his Brother or his own Son should gain the Affection or Admiration

tion of his Subjects. But a lucky Thought of another of these Women set every Thing right. *Alas!* said she, 'tis true. *By the Death of our Dauphin we had lost every Thing: for our good King's Affection for his Son is so great that he could never have surviv'd him; and we should have lost HIM too.* This Turn was much admired.

His late Majesty was once so offended at the Opposition some of his Ministers made to his naming a particular Gentleman to an Office, that he threw up the Sash, lean'd out of Window, & would not speak to them. After some considerable Time, the Earl of C——d, who was waiting to write down his Instructions, asked him whose Name he would please to have put in the Patent. *The Devil's, if you will,* said the King. *And would your Majesty,* replied His Lordship, *have the Address run in the usual Form of OUR DEARLY BELOVED COUSIN AND COUNSELLOR?* This Piece of Wit brought His Majesty into Temper again.

The Corporation of Bath having placed a full-length Picture of Beau Nash in the Pump-room between the Busts of Newton and Pope, My Lord C——d wrote the following Epigram on the Occasion.

K

Immortal

Immortal Newton never spoke
 More Truth than here you'll find:
 Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a Joke
 Severer on Mankind.

The Picture, plac'd the Busts between,
 Adds to the Satyr Strength.
 Wisdom and wit are little seen:
 But Folly at full length.

"We have some Proofs," says *Teland* in the Sketch of his intended History of the Druids, "that the Panegyrics of the Gallic Bards did not always want Wit, any more than Flattery; and particularly an Instance out of *Atheneus*, concerning *Luernius*, a Gallic Prince extraordinary rich, liberal and magnificent. Now, this *Luernius* having appointed a certain Day for a Feast, one of the Barbarous Poets, coming too late, met him as he was departing; whereupon he began to sing the Praises of the Prince, and to extol his Grandeur, but to lament his own unhappy Delay. *Luernius*, being delighted, called for a Purse of Gold, which he threw to him, as he ran by the side of the Chariot. The Poet, taking it up, began to sing again to this Purpose; that out of the Tracks his Chariot had plough'd on the Ground sprung up Gold and Blessings to Mankind.

A certain Epicure, resolving to glut himself with a favourite Dish, ordered a whole Sturgeon to be dressed for him; of which he ate so immoderately that he was taken violently ill. Evacuants of every Kind were used to little Purpose, and there was no Prospect but of his Death. His Friends crowd about him, represent to him the Desperateness of his Case, and advise him by all Means to settle his Affairs without loss of Time. *My dear Friends,* said he, *I thank you. No dying Man, to be sure, should leave his Affairs at Sixes and Sevens. I will settle mine instantly, according to your Advice. And, therefore, in the first Place, bring me the Remainder of my Sturgeon.*

Alphonfus, King of Naples intrusted a certain Moor with a considerable Sum of Money, to buy Horses for him in Barbary. This Prince had a Jester, who constantly set down in his Table-Book the Names of such as in his Opinion had been guilty of great Follies. Alphonfus would sometimes amuse himself with looking in this Book. Calling for it one Day, he was surprised to find his own Name in it; and, enquiring the Reason, *you commission'd such-a-one,* says the Jester, *to buy Horses for you in his own Country, and intrusted him with a large Sum of Money, to do it.—And why have I committed a Folly in so doing?* returns the King.—*Because,* says the Jester, *he will buy no Horses; but will keep*

the Money, and never come back.—But that, replies the King, is not certain. You must own there is at least a Possibility of his coming back, and of his employing the Money according to his Commission. And, if he should do so, what will you say then?—In that case, says the Jester, I shall scratch your Name out of my Book, and put in his.

Two Gentlemen, who were near Neighbours and Intimates, lived very happily for many Years with their respective Wives. At length, one of the Husbands dying, and likewise the Wife of his Friend, the two survivors, after a certain Time, thought proper to make a Match. But, though each of these had been very happy in a former Marriage, they were now quite otherwise, and there was no Agreement between them. The Husband opening himself hereupon to one of his Acquaintance, *I cannot conceive, said he, how it is. I was very happy with my first Wife. So was my present Wife with her former Husband. And yet we two cannot agree by any means: but there are everlasting Squabbles between us. 'Tis very strange.—Not so strange as you seem to think it, said his Acquaintance. I can explain it very easily. Of you four Persons, you two Husbands with your two Wives, there were two that were wise, and two that were foolish. The two wise ones are taken away; and the two Fools are left alive.*

An

An Officer in one of the Irish Regiments in the French Service being dispatched by the Duke of Berwick to the King of France, with a complaint relating to some Irregularities that had happened in the Regiment, the King told him his Irish Troops gave him more Trouble than all his Forces besides. *Sir, says the Officer, all your Majesty's Enemies make the same Complaint.*

Pope Sixtus Quintus, some Time after his Election, sent for his Sister to Rome, who till then had lived but in a low Way, and was even said to have formerly maintained herself by washing Linnen. Upon her Arrival, Pasquin appeared in a terribly dirty Shirt; telling Marforio he must not wonder at it; for that his Washerwoman was lately made a Princess.

A decay'd Gentleman, coming to one who had been a Servant, to borrow Money of him, receiv'd a very scurvy Answer, ending with *why do you trouble me? I have no Money to lend.—I am sure you lie, said the Gentleman: for, if you were not rich, you would not be so saucy.*

It is said that, King William complaining to Archbishop Tillotson of the Shortness of his Sermon, the Archbishop answer'd, *Sir, could I have bestow'd more Time upon it, it would not have been so long.*

Two

Two different French Authors have expressed themselves to the same Purpose.

It was ingeniously said by Antonio Perez, a disgraced Favourite of a King of Spain, that the Blows of Fortune are more sensible for the Bruises that appear than for the Pain they create.

Similis, a Man of Note under the Roman Emperor Adrian, having obtained Leave to retire into the Country, liv'd there seven Years, and, when he died, order'd an Inscription upon his Tomb to this Effect, viz. that he had been many Years upon Earth; but had liv'd only seven of them.

It was finely answered by Socrates, when called upon by his Judges to make his Defence, *I have been doing Nothing else all my Life.*

When Vespasian in his last Illness was advised by his Physician to favour himself and apply less to Business, an Emperor, replied he, *ought to die standing.*

Upon the Accession of Lewis the 12th to the Crown of France by the Death of Charles the 8th, one of his Courtiers observ'd to him that he had now an Opportunity of revenging himself on those, whom he knew to be his Enemies while he was only Duke
Of

of Orleans. *A King of France, said this generous Prince, must not revenge himself upon the Enemies of a Duke of Orleans.*

Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse, having read a Copy of Verses of his own composing to Philoxenes, a Greek Poet, and finding that this Poet did not relish them, order'd him to *The Quarries*, a Prison so call'd. After some Time, he set him at Liberty, and read him another of his Poems. He had no sooner done than Philoxenes, starting up, cries, *Come, who conducts me to the Quarries?* The Tyrant did not appear offended at this humorous Condemnation of his Verses; but made a laughing Matter of it.

Philip the second of Spain was once met by an old Captain, who, not knowing him, told him he was going to wait upon the King, to beg a Reward for his past Services. The King asked him what he would say, should his Majesty not reward him according to his Expectations. *If he will not, answer'd the Captain, he may kiss my Mule's Tail.* Thereupon the King asked his Name, and promised, if he brought proper Certificates of his Service, to procure him admittance to the King and council. The next Day, the Captain, being admitted, was surprized to find the King to be the very Person, to whom he had spoken with so little

little Reserve. *Well, Captain, said His Majesty, do you remember what you said Yesterday, and what the King might do to your Mule, if your Expectations were not answer'd?—Truly Sir, replied the Captain, not in the least daunted, if there be any Occasion, my Mule is ready at the Court-gate. The King was generous enough not to resent this Freedom; but made a comfortable Provision for him.*

When Flanders was subject to the Crown of Spain, a Flemish Tyler, one Day, falling from the Top of a House upon a Spaniard, kill'd him, tho' he escaped himself. The Spaniard's nearest Kinsman prosecuted his Death with great Violence; and nothing would serve him, but the Law of Retaliation. *If you insist upon that, said the Judge, you must go up to the Top of the same House, and fall down upon the Tyler.*

For a great Number of Years past, there has been printed at Paris an Anti-court Paper, called *The New Ecclesiastic*; neither the Authors nor Printers of which could ever be discovered. About 30 Years since, a Lieutenant of the Police of that City, named Heraut, made himself much laughed at for the fruitless Pains, that, in order to ingratiate himself at Court, he took, to make a Discovery herein. This Magistrate, being once in Company with the Marquis, afterwards Duke of Mirepoix, and Am-

Ambassador at our Court, was boasting of the Knowledge he had of the private Transactions of Paris ; few of which, according to his Account, were Secrets to him. *Do you imagine*, said the Marquis, *that if I were inclined to keep a Mistress, I could not conceal her Habitation from you ? Or even my keeping any Mistress at all ?*—*You could conceal neither*, answered Heraut.—*Sure*, said the Marquis, *I could conceal her Habitation from you at least.*—*You could not*, said Heraut again.—*I certainly could*, *Monsieur Heraut*, replied the Marquis with a dry Gravity, *because I should take a Lodging for her at the Author of the New Ecclesiastic's.*

It is observed that Persons of a facetious Temper often break their Jests even when they are in very distressful Circumstances. Ratcliff, who was beheaded after the last Rebellion, was condemned for the Part he bore in that of the Year fifteen. Being brought to the Bar, to receive Sentence of Death, with another Prisoner, a Fat Man, with a very prominent Belly, and the Judge asking the usual Question of this other Prisoner, *plead your Belly*, said Ratcliff to him in a low Voice, *plead your Belly.*

Quin returning one Day to his Lodgings in Bath from the *Three Tons*, where he had dined, My

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Lord

Lord C——d, who met him, said that, if *Quin* came from thence, there were but two Tons left.

Most People, says *Addison* in one of his *Spectators*, are of the Humour of an old Fellow of a College, who, when he was pressed by the Society to come into something, that might redound to the good of their Successors, grew very peevish. *We are always, says he, doing something for Posterity: but I would fain see Posterity do something for us.*

An Italian Priest, named *Piovano Arlotto*, making a Trip into a neighbouring Country, many of his Acquaintances gave him Commissions for Things, which they desired him to buy them. But among them all there was only one, that advanced him any Money; which Money he employed as he had been requested. The others crowding about him at his Return, to receive the Purchases he had made, *Ladies and Gentlemen*, said he, *I am sorry to inform you of an Accident, that has prevented my executing your Commissions. Sitting upon the Deck of the Vessel one fine Afternoon in my Voyage outward, and perusing your several Memorandums, which I placed by the Side of me, a sudden Gust of Wind came and carried them all off to Sea: and I, having but a treacherous Memory, could not remember the Contents of any one of them.— And yet, said they, you have made Purchases for*
such

such-a-one, and have brought him every thing he desired.—'Tis very true, replied he, and the Reason is this. In the Memorandum, that he gave me, he inclosed a considerable Number of Pieces of Gold, the Weight of which (Gold being a very heavy Body) Prevented the Wind's blowing away that Memorandum with all your's.

Certain University-Scholars, who had passed some Days at an Inn, determined, at going away, to Joke with their Landlord. Having made him sit down, they endeavoured to persuade him that in every nineteen Thousand Years there was a Revolution of all terrestrial Affairs; that the same People were born again, and passed their Lives exactly in the same Manner as they had done before; that it was so likewise with all Brute Animals, and, in short, that all Transactions were repeated at every Revolution. Now, Landlord, said they, *it happens that we are at present a little short of Cash, and can't conveniently pay you. But, as we shall certainly be here again nineteen Thousand Years hence, we will as certainly pay you then: and so honest and well-behaved a Man as you appear to be will, doubtless, take our Words for it.* The Inn-keeper hear'd them with a very grave Countenance, and, after some little Consideration, Gentlemen, said he, *I have no objection to what you propose: for I hope I deserve the good Opinion you are pleased to express of me, being*

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willing

willing to do what little Good I can in the World, and to oblige others in all reasonable Requests. But you are to consider that you were here nineteen Thousand Years ago; at which Time you had the same Entertainment you have had now. And I well remember you then made me the same Promise you now make me, and went away without paying. You have therefore, Gentlemen, nothing to do, but to discharge that former Reckoning, according to your Promise; and, as to the present reckoning, I'll give you nineteen Thousand Years Credit for it with all my Heart.

In the *Place des Victoires* (Victory-Square) at Paris is the Statue of Lewis the 14th on a high Pedestal, with the Figure of Victory behind him, going to crown him with Laurel. Round the Pedestal are four Slaves chained, representing the Empire, Spain, England, and Holland. In the Time of Queen Ann's Wars, when the Armies of Lewis had received several signal Defeats, a German Officer, considering the Attitude of Victory holding the Crown over the King's Head, express'd himself thus laconically in Latin, *Adfert? an Aufert?* Is she bringing it to him? Or is she taking it away?

Voltaire, in his *Age of Lewis* 14th, is at no little Pains to clear his Prince of the Charge of Arrogance or Vanity, in Regard to this Monument.

It

It was erected says he, *not by him ; but by the Marquis De La Feuillade.* And what then ? We cannot suppose it to have been erected without his Knowledge and Consent : and a Man of Sense will make no great Difference between it's being done with his Consent, & it's being done by his Order. *The four Figures round the Pedestal,* continues he, *represent Vices quelled ; and there is no Circumstance, from which they can be construed to point at any People he ever subdued.* 'Tis true : they don't point at any People he ever subdued : but they most certainly point at People, with whom he had been at War ; for they are accompanied respectively with the Arms of the four Nations above-mentioned. Can there be then any Doubt that these four Nations are imaged by them ? If the Figures bear a double Sense, and represent *Vices*, (as he asserts they do) the Impertinence of the Monument is still the greater.

It is a Compliment among the Persians to say upon the Entrance of a Guest, *Your Place was very void.* The Usurper, Nadir Kouli Kan, an almost unparallel'd Tyrant, caused a magnificent Mausoleum to be built at Mesched for his Reception after Death, upon the Walls of which somebody wrote in very pathetic Terms, *O Nadir, how full of thy Renown is every Corner of the Earth ! Thy Name indeed is great : but thy Place here is very void.*
Mr

Mr Hanway, from whom this Account is taken, informs us that the Tyrant often suffer'd those to pass with Impunity, whom he knew to give him no less harsh an Appellation than *Villain*: but towards those, who exercised their Wit in keener Satyr, he was inexorable. Severe inquisition was made for the Author of this Writing. It was concluded to be the Production of some Man of Letters; and many such were brought to a Trial. To compel them to a Confession, some were whipt to such an Extremity that they expired under the Lash.

The last of those Sovereign Princes, who stiled themselves *Dukes of Burgundy*, besieged a small Town in Switzerland of little Defence, called Morat: Whereupon the Switzers raised an Army, gave him Battle, and obliged him to retire with great Loss. The Inhabitants of Morat then collected the Bones of the slain Burgundians, piled them in a Chapel in their Town, and placed an Inscription there to this Effect. *The Army of Charles, Duke of Burgandy, having besieged Morat, has left this Monument of its Enterprize.*

Caius Marius, after having been long at the Head of the Roman Commonwealth, and been six Times Consul, was forced to flee before the Fortune of Sylla. Having escaped many and most imminent
Dangers

Dangers, he landed in Africa, on the very Spot where lately had stood the City of Carthage, the Rival of Rome. But scarce had he set Foot on Shore, when an Officer arrived from Sextilius, the Pretor, commanding his immediate Departure : for that otherwise the Decree of the Senate must be put in Execution, and he be declared an Enemy to the Romans. Hereat he was for some Time dumb with Grief and Amazement, looking sternly on the Messenger, who required his Answer. At length, with a deep Sigh, *go tell the Pretor, said he, that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting on the Ruins of Carthage.* By this expressive Image placing, says Plutarch, in a strong Light the Fortune of that celebrated City, and his own, as terrible Examples of the Instability of human Affairs.

It appears Matter of Wonder that this Circumstance, grave and awful as it is, should not have been often treated in painting, where it would make so noble a Subject, and where, notwithstanding, I do not recollect ever to have seen it ; and particularly that it should have escaped Poussin, to whose Character of Genius it seems to be perfectly suited.

It was thought proper to print the following little Tales on a separate Leaf, that those, who dislike them, may cut them out, without maiming the Book.

An Orange-Girl at one of the Play-Houses in Dublin striding over the Seats of the Pit, a Commissioner of the Revenue made as though he would put his Hand under her petticoats. *Nay, Mr Commissioner, said she, You'll find no Goods there but what have been fairly enter'd.*

A Lady found Fault with a Gentleman's Dancing, and said he straddled too much. *Madam, said he, if you had that between your Legs, that I have between mine, you would straddle a great deal more.*

There being once a great Crowd of Ladies barring up the Door of the House of Commons, the Door-Keeper cries out, *Pray, Ladies, fall back, and open to the Right and Left, that the Members may go in.*

A Bishop of Durham had a slovenly habit of keeping one Hand in his Breeches. Rising up once in this Posture in the House of Peers, with some Papers in the other Hand, *I have something, said he, in my Hand, to offer for the Benefit of Officers' Widows.*—*Pray, my Lord, said the Duke of Wharton, In which Hand?*

M

A

A Gentleman, sitting by Mrs Woffington at Lord Lovat's Trial, took Notice to her of Fanny M——'s being at a little Distance from them. Oh, said she, *I suppose Fanny has an Eye upon the whole House of Commons.*—And, if she has, replied the Gentleman, *I dare answer for it that her Eye is no bigger than her Belly.*

A French Lady, who lived in a Village called Moncu, being upon a visit at a Friend's at some Distance from that Place, invited a Gentleman to come and pass some Time at her House. *Indeed,* said she very innocently, *There is not much Diversion at Moncu. But in the Neighbourhood of it you'll find a great deal.*

Those, who are entirely ignorant of the French Tongue, are to be informed that *Moncu* is pronounced like the Words *Mon cul*: the Meaning of which Words any Smatterer in French can let them know.

From

From the HUMOURIST.

A Letter from a young Fellow on his Travels to his Father. By *Gordon*, Author of the *Independent Whig*.

Paris, this eleventh Day of
Sept. Anno Domini 1717.

Worshipful Sir,

THIS is not forgetting my Respects to my loving Mother and our Margery. When we came over the Sea from *Harwich*, it raged like any mad; and I cast up all that was within me, I was very sick, indeed; that I was. But I had kept the Neat's Tongue, which Mother put into my Pocket at parting, the last thing she did; and every now-and-then I nibb'd a Bit on't, as Mother said I should.

Our *John*, that you put in Livery for me, takes a great care of me, as Mother bid him. He lies with me every Night. I met Mr. Stopcock at the *Hague*. You know he was once our Exciseman at —: and he and I drank a Bottle together. And moreover than that, I likewise met Will Runnit, who left our Parish a great while ago, and was a Trooper. He now sells Wash-Balls at Amsterdam; and he and I crack'd a Bottle too. I keeps none but the best of Company; and our *John* is never from me.

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I

I never saw so many Rivers in any County in England, where I have been, as there is in *Holland*. But we have more Timber growing than they have: and we have sweeter Butter, especially in the May-Month: and our *John* says the same. They tells me there is not a Bishop in all *Holland*; & I did not see not so much as one Surplice in it: so you may guess, Father, whether they be Christians. The People be for ever doing something: so I don't suppose they keep the Sabbath. And our *John* is of the same Mind.

When I came into Popish Countries, there I met with Cathedrals again, many's the one; of which I was very glad on't; and so was our *John*. But, when I went into them at first, I would not d'off my Hat, because they belong'd to Popish Idolatry: till at last a fat Parson, without either a Shirt or a Pair of Shoes, and a great Rope about his Middle, loo'd grievous angry, and gabbled at me in the outlandish Tongue, as much as to say *Pull off your Hat*: and I was afraid he would do me a Mischief: and so I did so. But, however, I told him my Father had as good an Estate as he, and was a Justice of Peace into the Bargain. This, I believe, frighten'd him: and besides, our *John* stood by me all the while with his Fist clinch'd: and so the fat Parson shabb'd off: and so there was no Danger.

The

You can't imagine, Father, and no more can't Mother, what huge great Wax-Candles they use here in Popish Countries upon their Altars. I warrant every one of them has five Pounds of Tallow in it. Our *John* says he never saw the like, though he travell'd once before, when he was at the *Isle of Man*. The Papishes have their Common-Prayer-Book all in *Latin*; which I tells them is a burning Shame, and persuades them to be of the Church of *England*. But I finds they don't value our Church no more than nothing; and the Presbyterians be little better: so I can hardly meet with a Christian in these outlandish Countries.

Since I came from home, I have seen, among other strange Sights, one Man ploughing with one Horse; which, to be sure, saves a Number of Money. I wish, Father, you had as much Sense in *England*. Our *John* will try to do it when we come home, if you will submit yourself to be advised by him and me.

The French Folks don't live near so well as we do in *England*; and our Beef is fatter than theirs by at least an Inch on the Rib; and they never make any Pudding at all. But they eat Frogs like any mad, and the Devil and all of Onions. Our *John* is Heart-sick of their Diet. Though their Churches be very brave and neat, yet I likes nothing

thing in them, but the Organs and the Ring of Bells. All the rest is Popish Idolatry. In *Holland* the Church establish'd by Law is all Dissenters and Presbyterians: and so I did not go to Church, because they be all Schismatics, which is as bad as Popish Idolatry: and our *John* don't like either of them.

Here in France the King is cunninger than our King; for he does keep a great Quantity of Soldiers and Dragoons; and so they have had no Rebellions nor Meeting-houses here this many a Day. I wish, Father, you had the Sense to be as wise in *England*. A great Quantiry of the *French* Parsons be out of Conceit with the Government that rules at present: but our *John* says, *the Red-coats will make them know themselves.*

This Town of *Paris* is a main big Town, and has a Power of Hackney-Coaches in it. My Coat with the Silver Buttons is as fresh as if I had put it on but Yesterday, as our *John* can tell. I wore it two Days ago at the Ball, where there was a good many fine Folks. But I finds they don't know much of Country Dances here; for, when I call'd for *Moll Placket*, and afterwards for *Bury-Fair*, the Fidlers knew nothing of them, and no more did not the Company. There was a Colonel there, that look'd very hard at me. I doubted he was
going

going to press me for a Trooper; and so I stole softly down Stairs and run home, and our *John* with me, as fast as we could drive.

This, with my kind Love and our *John's* to you, and Mother, and our *Margery*; and *John's* Service to *Peg Hatchet*, the Wheeler's Daughter.

So no more at present from,

Worshipful Father,

Your ever-loving Son till Death

Oliver Gape.



The COUNTRY-POST.

From *Tuesday August* the 12th, to

Thursday August the 14th.

By Dean S W I F T.

From the *Hen-roost*, *August* the 4th.

TWO Days ago we were in a dreadful Consternation by the Advance of a Kite, who threaten'd every Minute to *fall upon us*. He made several *Motions* as if he design'd to attack our *Left Wing*

Wing, which cover'd our *Infantry*. We were alarm'd at his approach, and, upon a general Muster of all our Forces, the Kitchen-Maid came to our Relief. But we were soon convinced that she had betrayed us, and was in the interest of the Kite aforefaid: for she twisted off the Necks of two of our Companions, and stript them naked. Five of us were also clapped in a close-Prison, in order to be fold for Slaves the next Market-Day.

P. S. The black Hen was last Night safely deliver'd of seven young *Ducks*.

From the Garden, *August* the 3d.

The Boars have done much Mischief of late in these Parts; to such a Degree that not a Turnip or Carrot can lie safe in it's Bed. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenc'd to have a wooden Engine put about their Necks, to have their Noses bored, and Rings thrust through them, as a Mark of Infamy for such Practices.

From the great Pond, *August* the 1st.

Yesterday a large *Sail* of Ducks pass'd by here, after a small Resistance from two little Boys, who flung Stones at them. They landed near the Barn-Door, where they foraged with good Success.
While

While they were upon this Enterprize, an old Turkey-Cock attack'd a Maid in a red Petticoat, and she retir'd with *great Precipitation*. This Afternoon being somewhat rainy, they set Sail again, and took several *Frogs*. Just now arriv'd the *Parson's Wife*, and twenty Ducks were brought before her, in order to be tried; but for what Crime we know not. However, two of the fattest of them were condemn'd. It was also *observ'd* that she carried off a Gosling and three sucking Pigs.

From the little Fort at the End of Garden, *Aug. 5.*

Last Night two young Men of this Place made a *Detachment* of their Breeches, in order, as it is thought, to possess themselves of the two *Overtures* of the said Fort: but at their Approach they hear'd great Firing from the Port-holes. They found them already *bombarded* by the *Rear-Guard* of Sarah and Sukey, who, fearing these young Men were come to beat up their *Quarters*, deserted their *necessary* Posts, which were immediately taken Possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoy'd, by reason of several Stink-Pots, that had been flung there the preceding Morning.

From the Barley-Mow near the Barn, *August the 3d.*

It was yesterday rumoured that there was heard a mighty squeaking near this Place, as of an Army

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of

of Mice, who were thought to lie in Ambuscade in the said Mow. Upon this the Farmer assembled together a Council of his Neighbours, wherein it was resolved that the Mow should be removed, to prevent the farther Destruction of the Forage.

This Day the Affair was put in Execution. Four hundred and seventy-nine Mice and three large Rats were killed, and a vast Number wounded, by Pitch-forks and other Instruments of Husbandry. A Mouse, that was close pursued, took Shelter under *Dolly's* Petticoats: but, by the Vigilance of *George Simmons*, he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his Way through a deep Morass, and crushed to death on the Spot. Nothing material happened the next Day; only *Cicily Hart* was observed to make Water under the said Mow, as she was going a-milking.

From the Great Yard, *August* the 2d.

It is very credibly reported that there is a Treaty of Marriage on Foot between the old red Cock and the pyed Hen, they having of late appeared very much in Public together. He Yesterday made her a Present of three Barley-Corns: So that we look on this Affair as concluded. This is the same Cock that fought a Duel for her about a Month ago.

From

From the Squire's House, *August* 5th.

On Sunday last there was a noble Entertainment in our great Hall, where were present the Parson and the Farmer. The Parson eat like a Farmer, and the Farmer like a Parson. We refer you to the Curious in Calculations to decide which eat most.

From the CHURCH.

Divine Service is continued in our Parish as usual, though we have seldom the Company of any of the neighbouring Gentry; from whose Manner of Living it may be conjectured that the Advices from this Place either are not credited by them, or are regarded as Matters of little Consequence.

From the Church-yard, *Aug.* the 8th.

The Minister, having observed his only Daughter to seem too much affected with the Intercourse of his Bull and the Cows of the Parish, has ordered the Ceremony to be performed for the future not in his own Court, but in the Church-yard; where, at the first Solemnity of that kind, the Grave-stones of *John Fry*, *Peter How*, and *Mary D'Urffy*, were spurned down. This has already occasioned great Debates in the Vestry, the Latter being the deceased Wife of the Singing-Clerk of this Place.

Casualties this Week.

Several Casualties have happened this Week, and the Bill of Mortality is very much increased. There have died of the *Falling-Sickness* two stumbling Horses, as also one of their Riders. *Smother'd* (in Onions) seven Rabbits. *Stifled* (in a Soldier's Breeches) two Geese. Of a fore Throat, several sheep and Calves at the Butcher's. *Starv'd to Death*, one Bastard-Child nursed at the parish Charge. *Stillborn*, in Eggs of Turkeys, Geese, Ducks and Hens, 36. *Drown'd*, nine Puppies. *Of Wind in the Bowels*, five Bottles of small-Beer,

I have not yet seen the exact List of the Parish-Clerk: so that for a more particular Account we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the *Stocks*, only that *Dick Adams* was set in them last Sunday for Swearing.

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS.

And other short POEMS.

The Sense of an Epigram of *Boileau's*, made upon a Relation of his own.

LUBIN has fill'd his Garden with Sun-dials, and his House with Clocks, Pendulums and Watches These for above 30 Years past have employed all his Time. They have been his whole Study.—And, pray now, has he acquired any Knowledge by this sort of Study?—Oh, yes. He knows better than any Man in France what it is o'Clock.

Another, supposed to be at the Bottom of a bad Print of the Author, published in Paris.

Behold here the celebrated Boileau.—And is this the celebrated Boileau? That formidable Critic? Why does he appear so out of Humour?—He is vex'd to see himself so ill engraved.

A French Gentleman, having been affronted by a Lady, made an Epigram upon her to the following Purpose.

In vain does Phyllis by Dress and youthful Airs endeavour to excite Love. Her Wrinkles increase apace, & she grows frightfully ugly. At least, this is what I hear: for, as to me, I never look at her.

The Prince of Conde in the latter Part of of his Life rebuilt his Palace of Chantilli, and signified that he would bestow a Reward of a thousand Crowns on the Person, who should succeed best in a short Copy of Verses in Relation to his Victories, to be inscribed over the Front-Gate of that Palace: upon which a certain Gascon wrote four Lines containing the following Sense.

Are all these high qualifications and great Actions then to be celebrated for a Thousand Crowns? A thousand Crowns! Oh, shameful! It is not three Farthings for each Victory.

Though these Lines were not proper for the Inscription, the Thought contained in them appear'd so very happy, that the Prince made the Author a Present of a thousand Crowns.

Epigram by Mr *Garrick*.

Pope *Quin*, who damns all Churches but his own,
Complains that Heresy infects the Town,
That *Whitfield-Garrick* much misleads the Age,
And taints the sound Religion of the Stage.

Thou great infallible, forbear to roar.
Thy Bulls and Errors are rever'd no more.
When Doctrines gain a gen'ral Approbation,
They are not Heresy, but Reformation.

From

From the *Female Spectator*, said to be written by
a Nobleman of the first Rank.

Belinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes,
United, cast so fierce a Light
As quickly flashes, quickly dies,
Wounds not the Heart, but burns the Sight.

Love is all Gentleness, all Joy :
Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace.
Her Cupid is a Black-Guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your Face.

The following Epigram was made soon after
Barry's first Appearance in the Character of
Lear.

The Town has found two different Ways
To praise the different Lears.
To Barry it gives loud Huzzas ;
To Garrick only Tears.

On a bad F I D L E R.

Old Orpheus play'd so well he mov'd Old Nick,
While thou mov'st nothing but thy Fiddle-stick.

To Dr. Trapp, on his Translation of Virgil.
Mind but thy preaching, Trapp, translate no
Is it written *Thou shalt do no Murther?* (further.
Epigram

EPIGRAM by Mr. *Welsted*.

I owe, says Metius, much to Colon's Care;
 Once only seen, he chose me for his Heir.
 True, Metius: hence your Fortunes take their
 (Rise:
 His Heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

On Dr Philemon Holland's translating Suetonius,
 after having translated many other Authors.

Philemon with Translations does so fill us,
 He will not let *Suetonius* be *Tranquillus*.

To Mr. Dandridge, going to paint a Girl of the
 Town named Atherton, soon after her coming
 out of Bridewell.

A beauteous Woman ne'er so sweet appears
 As when Affliction forces gentle Tears.
 The Charmer then not only pleases Sight,
 But melts our Passions till they all unite.
 If Atherton you'd paint in all her Charms,
 Give not a Lover to her willing Arms:
 But, in Affliction, with her Eyes Brim-full,
 Her lovely Image take when milling Doll.

Lord Rochester, finding his Mistress inconstant,
 took leave of her in the following Lines.

'Tis not that I am weary grown
 Of being your's, and your's alone.

But

But with what Face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine?
You, whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion;
By Merit and by Inclination,
The Joy, at least, of a whole Nation.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex
With humble Aims their Thoughts perplex;
And boast if by their Arts they can
Contrive to make one happy Man;
While, mov'd by an impartial Sense,
Favours, like Nature, you dispense
With universal Influence.

See, the kind seed-receiving Earth
To every Grain affords a Birth.
On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall:
Her willing Womb retains 'em all.
And shall my Celia be confin'd?
No: live up to thy mighty Mind,
And be the Mistress of Mankind.

The MIDSUMMER WISH,
By the Author of the FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Waft me, some soft and cooling Breeze,
To Windfor's shady, kind Retreat,
Where silvan Scenes, wide-spreading Trees,
Repel the Dog-Star's raging Heat;
O Where

Where tufted Grass and mossy Beds
 Afford a rural calm Repose;
 Where Woodbinds hang their dewy Heads,
 And fragrant Sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows hard by,
 Along the smiling Valley plays:
 His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,
 And thro' the flow'ry Meadow strays.

His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
 His Vales with golden Plenty swell.
 Where-e'er his purer Streams are seen,
 The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave
 With naked Arm once more divide,
 In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
 And cut the gently-rolling Tide.

Lay me, with damask Roses crown'd,
 Beneath some Osier's dusky Shade,
 Where Water-Lillies deck the Ground,
 Where bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let dear Lucinda too be there,
 With azure Mantle slightly drest.
 Ye Nymphs, bind up her flowing Hair:
 Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breast.

Oh,

Oh, haste away, fair Maid, and bring
 The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love.
 To thee alone the Muse shall Sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

S Y L V I A, by the same,

Were I invited to a Nectar Feast
 In Heav'n, and Venus nam'd me for her Guest;
 Tho' Mercury the Messenger should prove,
 Or her own Son, the mighty God of Love;
 At the same Instant let but honest Tom
 From Sylvia's dear terrestrial Lodging come,
 With Look important say—*desires at three—*
Alone—your Company—to drink some Tea;
 Tho' Tom were mortal, Mercury divine;
 Tho' Sylvia gave me Water, Venus Wine;
 Tho' Heav'n were here, and Bow-street lay as far
 As the vast Distance of the utmost Star;
 To Sylvia's Arms with all my Strength I'd fly,
 Let who would meet the Beauty of the Sky.

Epitaph, by BEN JOHNSON.

Underneath this fable Herse
 Lies the Subject of all Verse,
 Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother.
 Death, ere thou hast kill'd another

Fair and learn'd and good as she,
Time shall throw a Dart at thee.

By an unknown A U T H O R.

Underneath this Stone doth lie
As much Virtue as could die ;
Which, when alive, did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as could live.

From the public Papers ; said to be intended for
an Officer, who died very young in the Army in
Flanders, and to be imitated from the French of
Racan.

Here lieth one, who in his April-Morn
Had so much Virtue, Fortitude and Truth,
That, in the vicious Age when he was born,
His Features only testify'd his youth.

Whilst all, admiring, gaz'd at worth so rare,
Death darted by Mistake the fatal Sting:
For, seeing Fruit so very ripe and fair,
He took for Autumn what was but the Spring,

Verſes on a FAN, by Dr. ATTERBURY,
BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Flavia the leaſt and ſlighteſt Toy
Can with reſiſtleſs Art employ.

This

This Fan in meaner Hands would prove
 An Engine of small Force in Love.
 Yet she, with graceful Air and Mien,
 Not to be told or safely seen,
 Directs it's wanton Motions so
 That it wounds more than Cupid's Bow;
 Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame;
 To every other Breast a Flame.

Epigram on a Common Woman.

Would thou hadst Beauty less, or Virtue more!
 For nothing vexes like a pretty Whore.

Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.

Beneath this silent Stone is laid
 A noisy antiquated Maid,
 Who from her Cradle talk'd till Death,
 And ne'er before was out of Breath.
 Whither she's gone we cannot tell:
 For, if she talks not, she's in Hell.
 If she's in Heav'n, she's there unblest,
 Because she hates a Place of Rest.

To Mr POPE, on his Translation of H O M E R.

So much, dear Pope, thy English Iliad charms
 Where Pity melts us, or where Passion warms,
 That

That After-Ages shall with wonder seek
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

This is an ingenious Compliment: But the Manner, in which it is expressed, seems liable to an Exception: for, though Homer might have been an Englishman, and have written his Iliad in English, yet methinks his well-known Name now necessarily raises the Idea of a Greek Poet, and, without doubt, must ever do so: and to say that Posterity will wonder who it was that translated a Greek Poet into Greek is an Absurdity. Perhaps it might be therefore better to sink the Person of Homer, and to say simply *After-Ages shall wonder who it was that translated the Iliad (or thy Iliad) into Greek.*

Description of a C O C K in D R Y D E N.

High was his Comb, and coral-red withal,
In Dents imbattl'd like a Castle-wall:
His Bill was raven-black, and shone like Jet:
Blue were his Legs, and orient were his Feet.
White were his Nails, like Silver to behold;
His Body glitt'ring like the burnish'd Gold.

Translation of a Fragment of an Ode of Sappho,
from the Spectator.

Blest

6 6

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
Aud hears and sees thee all the While
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast:
For, while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,¹
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.

My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame;
O're my dim Eyes a Darknes hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung:

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd:
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

R I D D L E.

In Marble-Walls, as white as Milk,
Lin'd with a Skin as soft as Silk,
Within a Fountain chrystal-clear,
A golden Apple does appear.
No Doors there are to this Strong-hold:
Yet Thieves break in and steal the Gold.

AN E G G.

F I N I S.



